

# THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Vol. 145

JULY, 1955

No. 869

EPISODES OF THE MONTH THE EDITOR

THE FUTURE OF THE LABOUR PARTY  
ANTHONY CROSLAND

MICHAEL BLUNDELL: CAN HE SUCCEED?  
JACK ENSOLL

INDONESIA: THE PRICE OF INDEPENDENCE  
MICHAEL FABER

MUSICAL PATRONAGE: ITS DUTIES AND  
LIMITATIONS JOHN CHRISTIE

OPERA ON STAGE AND SCREEN NOËL GOODWIN

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS BY DENYS SMITH, H. C.  
DUFFIN, ERIC GILLET, DIANA SPEARMAN, H. E. BELL,  
DR. F. BRITAIN, ERIK DE MAUNY, MILWARD KENNEDY,  
LOMBARDO, AND ALEC ROBERTSON

*PUBLISHED MONTHLY*

**TWO SHILLINGS**

# Setting the Style

From well-groomed head to well-shod feet she's elegance itself. The same pride—and care—is reflected in her car. Immaculate interior . . . brilliant bodywork . . . gleaming glass and chromium . . . and, to set off the whole, the smartness of Dunlop White Sidewall Tyres. Their distinction is there for all to see; their dependability and safety she knows from experience. Dunlop White Sidewall tyres—in 'Dunlop' or Dunlop 'Fort' types—can enhance the design and colour of *your* car. Whether or not you choose White Sidewall, do make sure you keep to Dunlop—with or without the tube, as you please.



## DUNLOP

*makes the tyre you want*

SH/111

Three-quarters  
of a  
**MILLION  
POUNDS**



A Welsh  
Coxswain

— that is the cost, each year,  
of the Lifeboat Service : and  
it must be met entirely from  
voluntary contributions.  
Yours, however small, will  
help : send it to

### ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

42, GROSVENOR GARDENS,  
LONDON, S.W.1

Treasurer : His Grace The Duke of Northumberland  
Secretary : Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.

### MISS AGNES WESTON'S ROYAL SAILORS' RESTS

Portsmouth (1881) Devonport (1876)



Trustee-in-Charge

Mrs. BERNARD CURREY, M.B.E.

AIMS—The Spiritual, moral and  
physical well-being of the men  
of the Royal Navy, their wives  
and families

NEEDS—Funds for GOSPEL,  
TEMPERANCE and WELFARE  
work and for GENERAL MAIN-  
TENANCE and IMPROVEMENTS  
Legacies are a very welcome help

Gifts to  
The Treasurer (N.R.) Royal Sailors' Rests,  
Head Office :

31, Western Parade - - - Portsmouth

GI

# THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

CONTENTS

JULY, 1955

Episodes of the Month. <i>The Editor</i> ... ..	5
The Future of the Labour Party. <i>Anthony Crosland</i> ... ..	13
Michael Blundell: Can He Succeed? <i>Jack Ensoll</i> ... ..	17
Indonesia: The Price of Independence. <i>Michael Faber</i> ... ..	23
America and the General Election. <i>Denys Smith</i> ... ..	27
Musical Patronage: Its Duties and Limitations. <i>John Christie</i> ... ..	31
Opera on Stage and Screen. <i>Noël Goodwin</i> ... ..	33
Poets and the Universities. <i>H. C. Duffin</i> ... ..	38
Fifty Years Ago ... ..	40
Books New and Old:	
Living Upon Hope. <i>Eric Gillett</i> ... ..	41
Wages Without Foundation. <i>Diana Spearman</i> ... ..	46
Evidence on a Saint. <i>H. E. Bell</i> ... ..	47
Prince of Topographers. <i>F. Brittain</i> ... ..	48
Nosce Te Ipsum. <i>Erik de Mauny</i> ... ..	51
Novels. <i>Milward Kennedy</i> ... ..	53
Books in Brief. <i>E. G.</i> ... ..	55
Financial: Market Review. <i>Lombardo</i> ... ..	58
Record Review. <i>Alec Robertson</i> ... ..	61

*Insure with*

For prospectus and full information  
on all classes of Insurance write to :—

Chief Administration :

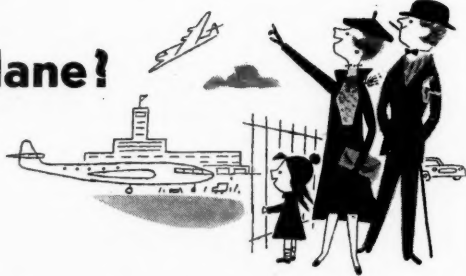
7, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2





**Catching a train?**

**Meeting a plane?**



**Going to Spain?**



**Every day and in every way  
you'll be happier in a**

**Hillman**

**Minx De luxe Saloon**

(£480 plus p.t. £201.2.6)

Happier with the flashaway zest, the silk-smooth 75 m.p.h. of the brilliant O.H.V. engine . . .  
Happier with its sleek trim luxury look, the roomy, inviting interior, the big deep boot . . .  
Happier with its surefooted grip of the road, its precise nonsway cornering, its added safety . . .  
Happier too, to know that for all its big-car luxury, it costs as little as ever to run.

*White-wall tyres, over-riders and chromium rimfinishers available as extras*

Hillman Minx O.H.V. Convertible • Hillman O.H.V. Californian  
Hillman Minx Special Saloon • Hillman Estate Car • Hillman Husky

HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO LTD • COVENTRY • LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT DIVISION: ROOTES LTD • DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • PICCADILLY W.1



## CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

**ANTHONY CROSLAND:** Socialist candidate for Southampton, Test, in the recent Election. M.P. (Soc.), South Gloucestershire, 1950-5. After varied war service, was President of the Union at Oxford and took a First in Modern Greats. Was Fellow of Trinity College and lecturer in Economics, 1947-50. Author of *Britain's Economic Problem*.

**JACK ENSOLL:** Assistant Editor, *Kenya Weekly News*, since 1952. Began journalistic career in 1941, and returned to it in 1946 after service in the R.N.V.R. Worked with the *Western Evening Standard*, the *London Star*, and *Illustrated*.

**MICHAEL FABER:** Educated at Eton, Magdalen College, Oxford, and the University of Michigan. Left the U.S.A. as deck-hand on a cargo boat and is working his way home via the Far East.

**DENYS SMITH:** Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in Washington.

**JOHN CHRISTIE, C.H., M.C.:** Founded (with his wife, who died in 1953) the world-famous opera Festival which is held at Glyndebourne, his home in Sussex.

**NOËL GOODWIN:** Music critic of *Truth* since 1953. Recently appointed deputy music critic of the *Daily Express*. Has also served as London music critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, and is joint author of the official history of the London Symphony Orchestra.

**H. C. DUFFIN:** Author. Has written *The Quintessence of Bernard Shaw*, *Beauty, Truth and Humour*, *Walter de la Mare: A Study of his Poetry*, etc.

**ERIC GILLET:** Literary Editor of *The National and English Review*.

**DIANA SPEARMAN:** Works in the Conservative Research Department, Economic Section. Stood for Poplar in 1935 and Central Hull in 1945. Wrote in 1939 a book entitled *Modern Dictatorship*.

**H. E. BELL:** Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford.

**F. BRITAIN, LITT.D.:** Fellow, Steward and Keeper of the Records, Jesus College, Cambridge. University Lecturer in Medieval Latin.

**ERIK DE MAUNY:** Author of a novel, *The Huntsman and his Career*, and numerous short stories, poems and translations from French and Russian.

**ALEC ROBERTSON:** Writer, critic and broadcaster. Author of books on Dvořák, Sacred Music, Plainchant, etc.

### The World's Greatest Bookshop

# FOYLES

\* FOR BOOKS \*

Bookbuyers throughout the world turn to this Bookshop as a knowledgeable source of information on all their Book requirements.

And from generation to generation they praise and recommend  
Foyles—and buy their Books here.

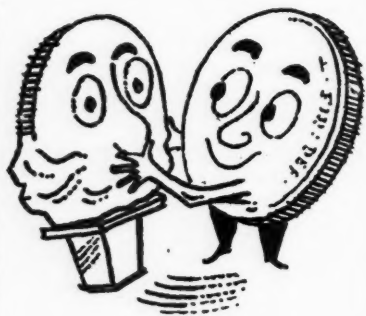
Foyles have depts. for Gramophone Records, Handicraft Materials, Stationery, Music,  
Magazine Subscriptions, Lending Library, Foreign Stamps.

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines) ★ Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)

Two minutes from Tottenham Court Road Station

**Does money  
make money?**



Ask a man of substance  
what helped him most on  
the road to success.  
"Expert financial advice,"  
as often as not he'll reply.

Anyone who needs  
constructive advice about  
money should go to their  
nearest branch of the  
National Provincial Bank.  
Just ask to see the  
Manager. You'll find him a  
fund of useful information  
and you'll make a friend  
for life.

**National  
Provincial Bank**

*where good fortunes grow*

ENGLAND'S LEADING MOTOR AGENTS

**HENLYS**

for



**JAGUAR**

and



**ROVER**

*.... and the  
finest selection  
of used cars in  
the country*

HENLY HOUSE  
385 Euston Road, N.W.1. EUS 4444

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE  
Piccadilly, W.1. GRO 2287

*Branches:*

1-5 Peter Street, Manchester  
Blackfriars 7843

The Square, Bournemouth 6314  
Cheltenham Road, Bristol 21326

Victoria Street, Bristol 27757

182 London Road, Camberley  
A. Mulliner Ltd., Bridge Street,  
Northampton 907

MORE THAN 40 BRANCHES

# THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

---

## EPISODES OF THE MONTH

**T**HE diplomatic event for which Sir Winston Churchill laboured will be taking place at Geneva on July 18. The "Big Four" Heads of Government will be meeting without a formal agenda, to discuss ways and means of reducing world tension.

At first it was suggested that the "summit" talks should last only four days, but the Americans have now agreed that the Conference should if necessary be extended to six days. In our opinion it would be folly to impose too strict a time-limit upon a meeting of this kind. Those taking part must have the opportunity to size each other up as human beings, as well as ample time for the discussion of international problems.

The official atmosphere is still heavy with caution, and it is natural and right that this should be so. But for those more numerous and less responsible mortals who do not wear black Homburg hats or carry brief-cases, the outlook is visibly brighter and there is optimism in the air. The top-level meeting may have no immediate, sensational results, but it can hardly fail to do good, and the very fact that it is being held gives ground for cheerfulness to all but the incurably morbid.

### **Tenth Birthday**

**T**HE generation which underwent the long suffering of the First World War saw more than 65 million men mustered into the forces of the combatants, a number roughly equal to the entire present population of Holland, Belgium, France, and Switzerland together. Casualties of all kinds numbered about  $37\frac{1}{2}$  million, or as many people as live in England south of Westmorland and the North Riding of Yorkshire; while the  $8\frac{1}{2}$  million who were killed or died were about equal in number to the population of Greater London to-day. The suffering and anguish which these terrible figures reflect led to the resolve that mankind must be spared similar agonies in the future; and this resolve, together with the political analysis of the day, produced the League of Nations.

But the League was not strong enough, and major war came again. This time those called to the colours in belligerent countries alone num-

## THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

bered more than 70 million, or as many as now live in both parts of Germany; casualties were again gigantic; and once more the natural resolve to prevent a similar catastrophe from recurring led to a fresh attempt at international organization for peace—this time, of course, the United Nations, whose tenth birthday has been marked, among celebrations in many countries, by a gathering of world statesmen in San Francisco, the beautiful city where the United Nations Charter was signed on June 2, 1945.

### A Stormy Decade

THE United Nations' first decade has seen important successes and important failures. Discussion in the Security Council undoubtedly helped with its publicity to bring about the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Persia. United Nations' enquiries on the spot were valuable to Greece during the long struggle of the Greek Civil War. The fact that the United Nations (and not merely the United States) intervened in the Korean war made it plain to all that the conflict caused there by Communist aggression had a far wider importance than the immediate strategic threat which a completely communized Korea would present to defences in Japan, vital both to the United States and to the free world as a whole. In other fields the successes of the United Nations include the documented exposure of slave labour behind the Iron Curtain, and help through the Technical Assistance Scheme to less advanced countries which want to adapt and apply the resources of modern science and technology in freedom from their own fears of a new "colonialism."

Failures include the notable cases of the rape of Czechoslovakia and the Berlin blockade. In both cases the responsibilities of the United Nations were limited. Without action by the Great Powers—and especially by the United States—the United Nations could not prevent a Communist *coup* in Prague; in this case the failure of the United Nations lay in its not having the power even to have the problem substantively examined by the Security Council. In the case of the Berlin blockade—whose main purpose the great Anglo-American air-lift successfully frustrated—the Security Council did manage to debate the problem, but in face of Soviet resistance could take no effective early action towards settlement. In addition to these failures, it could hardly be said that the United Nations had been successful in regard to Palestine or Kashmir.

### Weakness and Strength

THE human needs which created the League of Nations and the United Nations out of the suffering of two world wars have given both bodies much of their strength; the defective analysis and inadequate (not to say shallow) ideas of the age which created both the League and the United Nations are responsible for many of their shortcomings.

## EPISODES OF THE MONTH

One fundamental fallacy is that force can be eliminated from human affairs. This is not so. Men are not reasonable beings, and in the supreme crises the voice of reason will not necessarily be heard. More than this, what is reason at any time depends on all kinds of other factors; among which by no means least are the values that suffering and sacrifice teach. The role of war is to give instruction in some of these values. But war is always to be avoided—most of all in the present terrible age of hydrogen weapons—if this can be done without destroying the central core which gives both individuals and nations their purpose and their meaning.

Excessive belief in the possibilities of discussion and of reason would be one of the major weaknesses of the United Nations, if the words of its members were taken at face value. Fortunately, they need not be. Among the strengths of this most important institution is the focus which it gives to the aspirations and goodwill of the peoples of the entire earth. This strength will be increased if and in so far as it is realized that in no religion and no philosophy are war and death the supreme evils. An epitaph of Kipling's to Canadians who fell in the First World War puts part of the main point:—

We giving all gain all.  
Neither lament us nor praise.  
Only in all things recall,  
It is Fear, not Death that slays.

### New Parliament Opened

THE Queen opened the new Parliament on June 9. Her speech foreshadowed the Government's programme of legislation during the first Session, which will last until the autumn of next year. Fourteen Bills are envisaged, including measures to amend the Road Traffic Acts, to promote slum clearance, to reduce air pollution, to amend the law of rating and valuation, to extend the payment of family allowances, to reform the law of copyright, and to provide for the safety and welfare of workers in agriculture and forestry. Education is given the prominence it deserves. "In step with the continued expansion in the building and improvement of schools my Government will give close attention to the number and needs of the teaching profession. They have very much in mind the special requirements of rural areas. Secondary schools will be encouraged to provide a choice of courses; and facilities for technical education will be extended."

Two controversial subjects are mentioned with studied vagueness: the reform of Local Government and of the House of Lords. On the former the Government are said to be "examining the problems . . . with a view to introducing legislation." On the latter the wording is now becoming all too familiar: "Further consideration will be given to the question of the composition of the House of Lords." Lord Salisbury, however, does not appear to be wavering. He said in debate on June 15 that there

could be no effective Opposition in the Upper House unless more Labour peers were recruited and that he was convinced the House could not go on as it was for very much longer. A select committee has been appointed to enquire into the powers of the House of Lords in relation to the attendance of its members.

### Attlee Wins Again

**M**R. ATTLEE will continue to lead the Labour Party for an indefinite period. This represents not the least of his many political triumphs. In the face of mutterings in many quarters about both his age and his lack of firmness, Mr. Attlee offered himself diffidently for re-election until the end of the first Parliamentary Session. It was then, apparently, that Mr. Bevan intervened and strongly urged him to set no precise term to his period of leadership. This gesture from the "Left wing" may not have been altogether congenial to some of Mr. Attlee's colleagues—and potential successors—on the "Right." But in the circumstances they had no choice but to accept the proposal with a good grace.

Thus Mr. Attlee has once again shown how skilfully he can exploit his ambiguous status, as a man acceptable to both wings of the Labour Party. Mr. Bevan has the satisfaction of knowing that he has probably destroyed once and for all Mr. Morrison's chances of becoming leader, and he has also gained time in which to prepare for the eventual trial of strength with Mr. Gaitskell. It is just conceivable that Mr. Attlee may still be leading the Labour Party at the next Election, and it is certainly too early to predict with any confidence who will be his successor.

### Shadow Cabinet Changes

**T**HE election of Labour's "Shadow Cabinet" aroused even more interest than is normally given to a Government reshuffle. Several of the Party's veteran leaders decided in advance that they would not submit themselves for re-election, and this gave the public an amusing glimpse of Socialist comradeship and brotherly love in action. Mr. Dalton announced his intention in a letter to Mr. Attlee, which was obviously meant to receive—and in fact received—very widespread publicity in the Press. In this letter he strongly suggested that others should follow his noble example by recognizing their own infirmities and opening the way to youth. This was too much for Mr. Chuter Ede, who said in effect that Mr. Dalton might well be resigning on grounds of senility, but that he (Mr. Ede) was in full possession of his faculties. He had decided to stand down, not because he felt unequal to the duties of a front-bencher, but because in his judgement—unaided by Mr. Dalton—Mr. Attlee might like to see a few new faces round him in the Shadow Cabinet.

It seemed at first that these new faces might be Bevanite faces, because with fifty-four candidates and only twelve seats to be filled there was a



## EPISODES OF THE MONTH

danger that "Right-wing" votes would be dispersed and wasted. But the result proved that this fear was unjustified. All the seven members who sought re-election were duly returned, with Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Gaitskell once again at the top of the poll. Among the new members the bias is distinctly anti-Bevanite, and it is noteworthy that Mr. Bevan himself only obtained the seventh place, whereas the more equivocal Mr. Wilson was placed fifth.

### Agonizing Reappraisal

THIS does not mean that Mr. Bevan should be written off as a potential future leader of the Party, but it does mean that the policies with which he has recently been identified have not gained in popularity as a result of the General Election. We referred last month to the impending clash of personalities and ideas within the Labour Party, and it is obvious that the process of "agonizing reappraisal" has now begun.

An important contribution to this process is the article by Mr. Anthony Crosland which we publish this month. Mr. Crosland is one of the Party's most distinguished intellectuals, and neither Mr. Dalton nor the *Daily Mirror* could object to him on the score of age. At the moment he is not in Parliament, but he has plenty of time in which to find his way back to the House of Commons, and meanwhile his reflections will not go unnoticed. They deserve to be studied no less carefully by Conservatives than by Socialists.

### Railway Strike Ends

THE railway strike came to an end on June 14. It had lasted seventeen days and had caused a degree of inconvenience which the public will be very slow to forget.

The final *dénouement* was unexpected. To all appearances the contending parties—A.S.L.E.F., the Transport Commission, and the N.U.R.—had dug themselves in and settled down to a war of attrition. A.S.L.E.F. seemed to be uncompromising in the demand that a differential pay increase should be granted to the union as such, rather than to deserving categories within the union. The N.U.R. had given notice that such an increase, if granted, would be the signal for further claims on behalf of specialized grades within the N.U.R. And the Transport Commission had taken a firm and inflexible stand against this process of "leap-frogging." There seemed little prospect of the strike ending until A.S.L.E.F. funds were exhausted.

But quite suddenly a settlement was reached and the strike was called off. The Minister appointed Lord Justice Morris as an independent referee to listen to representations and make awards. It was agreed that his decisions would be accepted immediately and without question by all parties.

### Was it Necessary ?

**L**ORD JUSTICE MORRIS performed his unenviable task with great speed and announced his decisions within a week. Forty thousand engine-drivers were awarded increases in their basic wage rates, and the Transport Commission then began to discuss special mileage rates for other footplate-men whose basic pay was not increased. The Commission was also prepared to grant certain N.U.R. claims, when the mileage rates had been settled, on the understanding that these concessions would not involve further claims by A.S.L.E.F. on behalf of the footplate-men.

There can be no doubt that the outcome represents a distinct victory for the skilled worker as against the less skilled. But this victory could surely have been achieved without the grave national dislocation of a railway strike. Those members of A.S.L.E.F. who have derived no benefit from the awards, or who have benefited only on terms which the Transport Commission was willing to concede before the strike, must now feel that their union leadership has failed in its duty, both to them and to the country. And those who until recently imagined that nationalization would enable labour and management to work together in a more harmonious atmosphere have been given the most crushing proof that their theory was false. The Transport Commission and the railway unions have between them provided an object-lesson in bad industrial relations. We trust that the lesson will not have been lost on them; it has certainly not been lost on the public.

### Dockers and Seamen

**A**S we go to press, dockers are still on strike in London and a number of northern ports. This stoppage has been more protracted, and more harmful in its economic effects, than the railway strike, and it is due to the same cause—a dispute between unions. The National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers (N.A.S.D.) are fighting the mammoth Transport and General Workers' Union (T.G.W.U.), but whatever the merits of their battle it is hard to see why it should be fought at the expense of the community. The case of the two unions is now being considered by the T.U.C. Disputes Committee, which has urged an immediate resumption of work. The London strikers have already shown that they are willing to return, but their decision has been made dependent upon that of the northern strikers, who have so far proved obdurate. Meanwhile the General Secretary of the N.A.S.D., Mr. Barrett, who had favoured a return to work, has felt it necessary to resign, and Mr. Tiffin, recently elected General Secretary of the T.G.W.U. in succession to Mr. Deakin, has been admitted to hospital.

Britain's reputation as a maritime and trading nation has been still further injured by an unofficial strike of seamen at Southampton and Liverpool. In the course of three weeks nearly 150,000 tons of shipping were held up in Southampton alone. In bringing this strike under

## EPISODES OF THE MONTH

control the fulminations of the union's official leadership have been less effective than the wise conduct of the shipping companies and the routine attitude of the Ministry of National Service (which also happens to be the Ministry of Labour) towards deferred merchant seamen who break contract with their employer. Whereas Mr. Shinwell described this in the House of Commons as intimidation, Mr. Yates, General Secretary of the National Union of Seamen, was only too glad to find that his own flouted authority was being buttressed by the law of the land. He said at a Press conference that 95 per cent. of the strikers were of call-up age and that he did not regard the serving of call-up papers as "abnormal procedure" in the circumstances.

### Abuse of Power

**W**E have observed repeatedly since 1951 that a show-down with the unions was inevitable. Of course there could be no question of a struggle between the Government and the T.U.C.; these two bodies are natural allies and it is a great tribute to the present Government and the present T.U.C. leadership that they have come increasingly to recognize themselves as joint trustees for the national welfare.

But it cannot be too often stressed that the T.U.C. and the trade union movement are not synonymous. The power of the T.U.C. is purely moral and therefore limited; the power of the trade union movement is now virtually unlimited. At every stage in our history one element in the community has tended to dominate the whole. After the feudal barons it was the Crown; after the Crown, the landed aristocracy; after the landed aristocracy, the industrial magnates of the 19th century; now it is the trade unions. Hitherto the overweening element has abused, and so in due course lost, its power. The trade unions can never lose their power, but to the extent that they are now abusing it we hope they will recognize the fact and take appropriate action.

### Legislation No Answer

**A**CTION certainly cannot be taken by the Government. It is vain and foolish to suppose that any Government could, by Act of Parliament, curb the freedom of giant corporations, whose total membership is counted in millions. Besides, coercion is nearly always to be discouraged and deplored, even when it can be used effectively. The answer to our peace-time problems—even the gravest of them—must be consistent with our ideals of freedom and justice.

We have never therefore envisaged the show-down with the unions as being an act of repression on the part of the Government. Sir Walter Monckton was entirely right when he said in the House of Commons on June 23: "What is really wanted is an upsurge of a feeling of responsibility towards our people as a whole, the idea that we work not for ourselves alone, but for the good of our country and all who live in it."

## THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

You cannot legislate for that feeling of responsibility." It is, however, arguable that Conservative leaders should have spoken earlier in this strain and that the efforts which the Prime Minister and Sir Walter have lately been making, in consultation with the T.U.C. and the British Employers' Federation, to achieve a state of industrial peace, should have been made long ago. After the Conservative victory in 1951 a curiously Micawberish attitude prevailed and the policy seemed to be that nothing should be said to ruffle the feelings of the trade unions. The futility of this attitude has now been demonstrated, but meanwhile a lot of harm has been done.

### Challenge to the T.U.C.

THE Government has a duty to state the facts and to throw down a challenge to those immediately concerned—especially to the T.U.C., which purports to be the voice and conscience of organized labour.

There is evidence that this challenge, if it is fairly made, will not be evaded. The T.U.C. played a vital part in settling the railway strike and it is now giving its anxious attention to other outstanding disputes. Moreover on June 22 Mr. Geddes, Chairman of the T.U.C., made a remarkable speech at Bournemouth. Addressing the annual conference of the Building Trades Operatives, he claimed that the T.U.C. should be allowed to intervene and settle a dispute "when it can clearly be shown that the basis of the dispute is inter-union." He said he was amazed to see that some Labour M.Ps. had been giving support to unofficial strikers; the seamen's strike, for instance, was "a strike against the trade union movement as well as against the employers." In his opinion no section of what he called "the working class" (an odious phrase) had "a right to imperil the standard of living of the whole of the working classes," by taking strike action which could be avoided.

We hope that Mr. Geddes will succeed in his attempt to make organized labour more of a reality, and less of a figure of speech.

### Apology

WE much regret that, when five Byron letters belonging to Mrs. Spearman were published in our May issue, no acknowledgment was made to the lawyers of the Byron Trust, Messrs. Willes and Gladstone. We should like to express our gratitude to them for allowing us to print these letters.

B  
that c  
in dra  
as we  
expect  
I h  
of the  
Britis  
lose  
unem  
or old  
has  
electo  
lum g  
these  
public  
Nove  
Gove  
the th  
Presid  
them  
The e  
rise in  
been  
war y  
still  
ment.  
Thi  
expect  
there  
war fa  
favour  
mom  
troub  
last fl  
outpu  
was th  
its nex  
since

# THE FUTURE OF THE LABOUR PARTY

By ANTHONY CROSLAND

**B**EFORE we begin to draw lessons from the Labour Party's recent defeat, we must decide how bad that defeat really was; there is no point in drastic changes if in fact the Party did as well as could reasonably have been expected.

I have long thought that one (at least) of three conditions must be fulfilled if a British (or American) Government is to lose a General Election: appreciable unemployment, a severe price inflation, or old age (i.e. that the governing Party has been so long in office that the electorate is tired of it, and the pendulum genuinely swinging). The first of these (though only just) cost the Republicans the control of Congress last November; the second cost the Labour Government the 1951 Election; and the third cost the Democrats the 1952 Presidential Election. But none of them was fulfilled in Britain this May. The electorate was fully employed; the rise in prices, although appreciable, had been less severe than in previous post-war years; and the Conservatives were still a comparatively young Government.

This alone would have made me expect a Conservative victory. But there was, in addition, a special post-war factor operating irresistibly in their favour. It was always clear that a moment would finally arrive when our troubled post-war economy would at last float off the rocks on a tide of rising output; and whichever Government was then in power would certainly win its next Election. What has been wrong since 1945 has not been the failure of

output to rise—on the contrary, it has risen fast by historical standards—but the size and number of the exceptional post-war claims on that higher output, pre-empting it away from the home consumer: the repair of war damage, the backlog of fixed investment, the replenishment of inventories both commercial and domestic, the need to raise exports to a level 75 per cent. higher than pre-war, and then finally, just when the promised land seemed in sight, the huge rearmament burden and the deterioration in the terms of trade (amounting in 1951 to some £600 millions) which followed the outbreak of the Korean war. During all these years a large annual rise in output had to be sequestered to meet these urgent claims, and the home consumer had to adapt himself to rationing and austerity.

It was in 1953 that the tide finally turned. World prices had by then fallen back to pre-Korean levels, and generally the exceptional post-war or post-Korean burdens on the economy had levelled off; and for the first time since 1939 things could be described as "peacetime normal," in the sense that the bulk of the annual rise in output could at last be steered, with a tolerably clear conscience, towards the home consumer. From that moment onwards a rapid rise in living standards became possible, austerity became less necessary, and the national mood grew attuned to prosperity and easier times. But, alas for the Labour Party, it was no longer in power, having narrowly lost the 1951 Election despite winning more votes than the Tories; and so it



had the galling experience, having held the line during all the difficult years, of seeing its rivals enjoying the fruits of victory!

Given this background a Tory victory was, I believe, inevitable; and indeed many observers, in both parties, expected that it would be more decisive than, in the event, it was. No doubt other factors also had some influence on the result—the appearance of disunity, the speeches of Mr. Bevan, the proposal to nationalize I.C.I., and an occasional fellow-travelling candidate. But these were only of marginal significance as compared with the current economic prosperity and the rapid easing of the consumer's lot. And since, under these circumstances, the Labour defeat was neither surprising in itself nor disgracefully heavy, the Election result as such does not justify angry inquests, with accusations and counter-accusations, nor call for the sudden and dramatic overthrow of the existing leadership or existing policies.

What is needed is something altogether less spectacular, and perhaps less enjoyable: namely to ensure that both leaders and policies strike the country as being those of a strong, competent alternative Government, ready to assume office when the Tories lose their luck or make evident mistakes. And this is still an urgent need, despite the comparatively reassuring Election result, for the simple reason that most of the present leaders will have retired before the next Election, while many of the present policies and slogans, although still quite serviceable in this last Election, will certainly have lost their appeal and relevance in four years' time if the consumer continues to prosper, and memories of pre-war misery and injustice fade still further.

Let us take the leadership first. Mr. Attlee has now announced that he will

carry on as leader for an indefinite period. What does this mean for the succession? No one, of course, challenges Mr. Attlee's right to continue for as long as he feels able. But he is 72; and his remaining tenure cannot, therefore, in the nature of things, be a prolonged one.

There are two schools of thought in the moderate wing of the Party as to the best moment for the inevitable change-over. One school would prefer it to take place at once, with a new leader giving a firmer lead against the Bevanites, and consolidating the forces of the Right. The other school would prefer Mr. Attlee to continue until such time as he can hand over direct to Mr. Gaitskell. They argue not only that it would be better to complete the post-mortem on the Election before, instead of after, a new leader is chosen; but also that only Mr. Gaitskell of the Right-wing leaders commands sufficient support in the Centre, or has sufficient appeal to the Party rank-and-file as a fresh face with a constructive set of policies, to bring the recent disunities effectively to an end. For this reason they welcome Mr. Attlee's decision to continue.

Of course when the moment comes for Mr. Gaitskell to succeed, he will certainly be challenged by Mr. Bevan. But there can be little doubt about the outcome. The recent Election may have shifted the balance of power within the Parliamentary Party marginally towards the Bevanites, but certainly not by enough to prevent Mr. Gaitskell's eventual victory by a large majority.

Turning from personalities to policies, there are three main adjustments which the Labour Party needs to make. The first is essentially a psychological one: to adapt its thinking unreservedly to economic prosperity and high consumption. There are still distinct traces of an anti-high-consumption psycho-



## THE FUTURE OF THE LABOUR PARTY

logy in the Labour Party. They derive partly from a non-conformist and often puritan anti-hedonism which assumes that all increases in income are dissipated on drink, tobacco, pools and prostitution; partly from an intellectual snobbery about TV sets, washing machines, and similar symbols of "American materialism"; partly from still-vivid memories of the Crippsian days when consumption had to be held down to build up exports and investment; and generally from an uneasy feeling that the goal of higher material standards belongs somehow to a Tory or American or Capitalist, and not a truly Socialist, ideology. The consequence is that the Labour Party is now definitely identified in the public mind with a philosophy of austerity; and the Tory ration-book stunt, for all its unpleasant dishonesty, was not without its electoral effect.

This is not to say that the Labour Party should now move to the other extreme, and give the home consumer a complete and invariable priority over all other claimants on resources. On the contrary, it is one of the strongest criticisms of the present Government that they have allowed the home consumer so overwhelming a share of our recent economic good fortune. Meanwhile productive investment is scarcely higher than it was four years ago, the surplus on our balance of payments has wholly disappeared, and aid to the under-developed areas has not increased. Labour criticisms of the pre-election Budget as being over-generous to the home consumer at a time when our share in world exports was showing a marked fall were certainly justified.

There is, nevertheless, a golden mean; and the Labour Party has undoubtedly given the impression of hankering after austerity to an extent that the underlying situation does not now warrant. It must therefore adjust its outlook to

accepting a philosophy of rapidly rising consumption—not merely on the cynical grounds that otherwise it will lose the next Election, nor simply because the economic situation now permits it, but positively because a rising absolute level of consumption notably diminishes the external differences in living standards between different classes, and so the sense of social inequality. (The distribution of income in the United States, for example, is very similar to that in Britain; yet standards of living appear, and are subjectively felt, to be very much more equal as between different income-groups. This is an example of the general proposition, for which there are good sociological reasons, that the higher the absolute level of average real income, the more egalitarian the pattern of consumption.)

Secondly, the Labour Party must re-furbish, in the light of changed conditions, its attitude to planning and nationalization. Its views (or at least its instincts) about planning derive almost entirely from the exceptional post-1945 experience of acute inflation and a critical lack of foreign exchange reserves—problems which, to be met successfully, required a large number of physical controls and detailed regulations. But conditions have now changed, and techniques of planning must change with them; and the Party must now recognize that detailed Whitehall controls, although necessary to deal with a violent structural crisis, are (besides being very unpopular) not well-adapted to the present needs of the British economy. What is needed now is an altogether broader, less detailed, more strategic view of planning, suitable not to a siege economy but to a progressive and rapidly expanding one.

The need to review nationalization policy does not derive, as Conservatives often suppose, from the failure of ex-

isting nationalized industries; there is no reason to think that private enterprise would have dug more coal, or modernized the railways faster, or proved more adventurous in expanding atomic energy. It derives first from the lesson that the present form of nationalization (the centralized public monopoly), although the one probably most suitable to the basic utility-type industries so far nationalized, has nevertheless thrown up unexpectedly stubborn problems, almost entirely problems of large scale, which make it quite unsuited to competitive manufacturing industries where the arguments for operation on a national scale are much less strong. Secondly, the arguments for nationalizing these basic industries (that they were public utilities, or "natural" monopolies, or exceptionally low-wage industries, or had a history of bad industrial relations, or could not finance the necessary investment programme, or were generally inefficient) clearly do not apply strongly to the next industries on the list (chemicals, aircraft, automobiles). Any policy, therefore, of continuing to nationalize British industries steadily in order of their size and importance would have little economic justification, and make no sense to the electorate. Thirdly, and more generally, many of the objectives of nationalization, such as the diminution of property incomes, greater control over the economy, and the expansion of output, have now been achieved by other means.

Thus the case for nationalization, now that we are face-to-face with an expanding and relatively efficient manufacturing industry operating in a context of a fully-employed, semi-planned Welfare State, is clearly quite different from that in the 1930s when we were faced with largely backward basic industries operating in the context of a depressed, restrictive economy with a

very unequal distribution of incomes. The Labour Party must therefore recognize, first, that new methods will be needed—the firm will normally be the proper unit rather than the industry: secondly that the public will need a convincing economic justification for future acts of nationalization: and thirdly that in the new and more favourable circumstances the pace of public ownership can and should be slowed down. It is not that there will be no future candidates—British private industry is not uniformly enterprising and efficient—but they will be fewer, and if the electorate is to be convinced they must be chosen not from the most efficient, but from the least efficient, private industries. (In the last Election the case for nationalizing I.C.I. never convinced the public—besides distracting attention from much more strongly-grounded proposals, such as that relating to the machine-tool industry.)

Finally, the Labour Party must review its ideas on equality. I do not mean by this that it should give them up—far from it: they still represent the fundamental ideological dividing line between Socialism and Conservatism. But it needs to reconsider both the case for more equality, and the methods of achieving it.

If asked what was the case for more equality, most Socialists would probably answer (whether consciously or not) in terms of economic utilitarianism: that by making the rich less rich we shall make the poor less poor, and thus maximize economic satisfaction. This, unhappily, is no longer true, since with the present distribution of income to make the rich less rich would not make the poor significantly less poor. The case for equality now rests on value judgments of a wholly non-economic character, and implying nothing for the total of *economic* satisfaction: value judgments about the relationship be-

## THE FUTURE OF THE LABOUR PARTY

tween the distribution of social privilege and the degree of social contentment, about what constitutes a "just" distribution of rewards, and about the desirable degree of social mobility.

This redefinition of the case for more equality carries definite implications for the means of achieving it. When the argument was mainly a utilitarian one, the redistribution of money-income naturally held pride of place. But now that the case is couched more in sociological and ethical than in economic terms, the direct transfer of income becomes correspondingly less important. The relevant spheres to-day are those of education, the distribution of financial assets, the division of power in public and private industry, and generally the pattern of social relationships. It is here that new policies are needed; and the more traditional spheres can, for the time being, be safely neglected.

Demands for "new thinking" can

be most irritating if they imply that spectacular new policies can be conceived by simple acts of pure cerebration. Of course they cannot. Fortunately, spectacular new policies are not what the Labour Party needs. It needs rather a re-statement of the Socialist case—one adapted not to pre-war Britain with its poverty, unemployment, social injustice, and a *laissez-faire* Tory Party, but to a contemporary Britain with no unemployment, little poverty, high social services, widespread and rapidly increasing prosperity, and a Tory Party which has advanced far beyond its pre-war philosophy and has now appropriated, almost as though they were its own, most of the post-war social reforms. This is the challenge to the Labour Party; and it requires much more quiet reflection and much less loud polemic than have been evident in recent years.

ANTHONY CROSLAND.

## MICHAEL BLUNDELL: CAN HE SUCCEED?

By JACK ENSOLL

HOW many British or American politicians have become significant world figures after a mere seven years in public life? It took an emergency and the introduction of a controversial constitution to put Michael Blundell, Minister Without Portfolio in Kenya's Government and member of the War Council, into this class.

When he fought his first election in 1948, and became elected member for the Rift Valley, he had barely enough votes to put a man on to a small urban district council in the United Kingdom. Yet now he is a

figure of international stature and, in Africa, rapidly gaining the notability of a Welensky or a Huggins.

He is, of course, a big fish in the little pool of 40,000 Europeans in Kenya, but the storms and squalls that permanently ruffle the surface of that little pool are often of oceanic proportions and have repercussions far beyond the sun-drenched boundaries of the Mau Mau colony.

As a Minister, Blundell is on probation, as it were, for the settler community. Are they responsible enough to take an increasing part in the

government of Kenya? As the leading supporter of the Lyttelton Constitution which first let European settlers, as well as Indians, Africans and Asians, into the Government, he is dubbed the arch-multi-racialist. This Constitution is the factor which, more than anything else, has split white Kenyans over the old issue of parity or partition, and drawn attention to Michael Blundell's political case-history. As a member of the War Council he has also supported policies and stratagems in the war against Mau Mau which have increasingly earned him the criticism of many hard-pressed white men in the Colony.

As his own importance grew, so did the opposition, until, last March, he was forced to return to his constituency to seek a vote of confidence.

In the shabby town hall of Nakuru, farming capital of the White Highlands, which is built beside a flamingo-fringed soda lake and under the broad shoulder of Menengai, the second largest volcanic crater in Africa, he won his vote by 204 votes to 90. Visibly moved after a period of great strain, and a spate of criticism as bitter as anything seen in politics anywhere, Blundell was unable to speak for a few moments. Then he asked only that he should be allowed to get on with his job until the next general election. Obviously a Minister cannot be permanently electioneering, always rushing back to his constituents for a mandate on every national decision. He has other work to do.

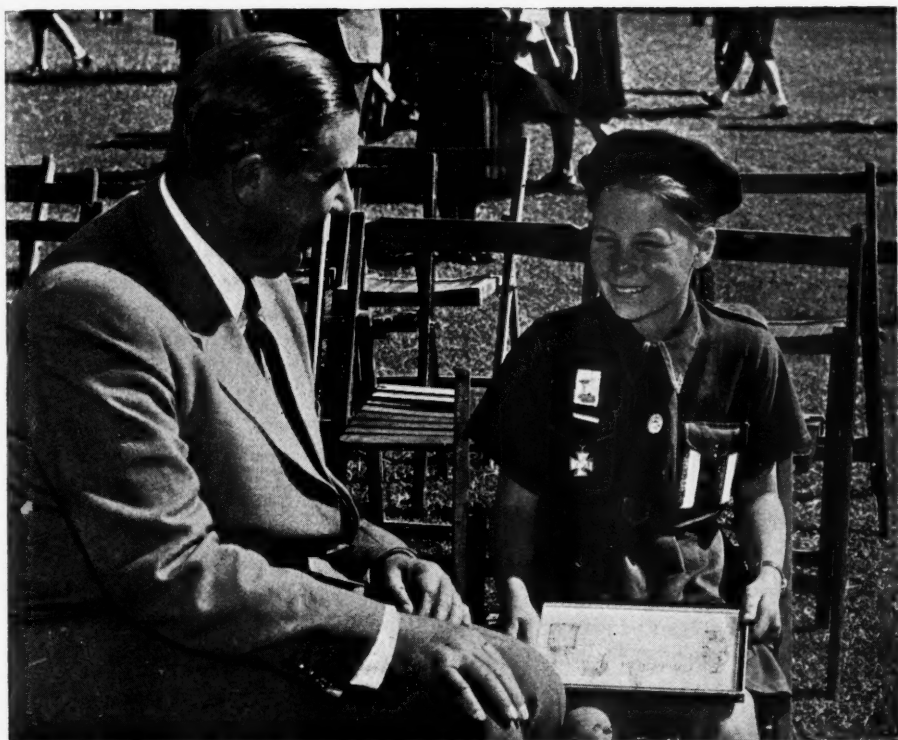
Mr. Blundell, after so brief a time in politics, has obviously made mistakes on his hard, stony pilgrimage into the history books. But on the whole he has made them bravely. There was about him at the Nakuru meeting a kind of fervent, dogmatic courage which had replaced the meaty, boyish confidence that was so much a

part of his platform personality in the days before he joined the Government. This was, on the whole, approved by the settlers who were present. Chairs were occupied from anything up to two hours before the meeting. People sat on the floor or, unable to find space in the hall, they climbed on to the roofs of office buildings outside and watched and listened through the windows.

For it was a dramatic day. Mr. Blundell had invited his two leading critics in the Legislature to speak upon the vexed issue of the last surrender offer to Mau Mau and upon the future of the White Highlands. They were Mr. Humphrey Slade, fiery Welsh member for the Aberdares, and Group Captain L. R. Briggs, Member for Mount Kenya. After the spell-binding speech of Mr. Slade, attacking the surrender terms and speaking for the conscience of the white folk, Mr. Blundell was seen by the settlers in the now familiar role of chief Government apologist. It was the occasion for a great speech, but he did not make one. The best that can be said of Mr. Blundell's explanation of the surrender terms was that it was down-right, honest, workmanlike and unpopular. As a member of an administering authority largely composed of mute and well-insulated civil servants, it seems almost inevitable that the invidious task of public relations with the settler community should fall upon their own Mr. Blundell. The fact that the much-criticized terms were eventually approved at Nakuru by a majority of nine votes was either evidence that he has done this job well, or—despite his failings and lack of experience—a further example of the personal popularity that first launched him into the maelstrom of Kenya politics.

Kenya's leaders are dedicated to





MICHAEL BLUNDELL TALKING TO JEAN DAWSON, AFTER PRESENTING THE *YOUNG ELIZABETHAN* CERTIFICATE OF MERIT TO HER AT NAKURU.

ridding the Colony of Mau Mau nationalism and panga politics. The burly farmer who first came to East Africa as a youth with his father's blessing, continental training as a musician, £100, and a shotgun, has somehow to bridge the gap between Westminster and the fortress farms of the settlers. Will the newly-found band of moderates, who see in the furtherance and fostering of multi-racial government the only way out for Kenya, survive in the local political climate? Will their leader, Blundell, survive?

His opponents firmly believe that the Colonial Office has muddled the conduct of the Emergency and see in multi-racial government the thin end of a wedge that will ultimately mean a betrayal of the paramountcy of European interests in the Colony. They have formed the Federal Inde-

pendence Party to fight the Lyttelton Constitution to the end. In turn Michael Blundell was largely instrumental in launching the United Country Party designed to marshal the moderates under one banner and further the cause of multi-racialism. So far Blundell's U.C.P. is only a European Party, but if it wins the next general election it may open its ranks to other races.

"I believe in co-operation rather than domination," Michael Blundell tells his critics. He will fight the next general election on eradication of the colour bar and social ostracism of the African, and ultimately he is bound to support an extension of a selective common roll by which Europeans will sit as representatives of the Africans and *vice versa*. Blundell believes that Kenya's 40,000 whites must sink themselves into a black

economy, surrounded as they are by 6½ million Africans. In the Union of South Africa he admits that the reverse applies, but describes it as a policy of nihilism.

Is Blundell's, on the other hand, a dangerously liberal policy? He explains that in a multi-racial Kenya the white man must remain the dominant factor, rather than merely dominating. The African, he suggests, is perfectly happy to let the European develop the country, provided that his own opportunities are not stifled. The black man wants to be like the Europeans, but so far his imitation is superficial. He hates the sweat of 20th-century life when taken at the white man's tempo, particularly when he realizes that he can be just as happy without it. Politically, he will accept a slower rate of advance, if he is sure that no deliberate attempt is being made to keep him under.

Blundell's opponents have called for a policy of regionalization—of provincial government in East Africa—but a small band of whites trying to institute *apartheid* in Kenya would be at a hopeless disadvantage. Blundell tells the disciples of this federal independence: "We don't want another Pondicherry here." He describes regionalization as "pushing out a frail white canoe on to a dark, stormy sea." Under such conditions he would not give much for the chances of the canoe. "Under regionalization or provincial government," he explains, "the pressure of the blacks would be so great from areas surrounding the White Highlands that the Europeans would rapidly be forced out. Even with closest screening of the working force of Africans within the white areas there would be infiltration of agitators through the forest boundaries bent on subverting the region's labour."

It is interesting to note that when a standing committee of European political interests in Kenya bracketed provincial government for white and black with ultimate federation with the Rhodesias and Nyasaland as long-term aims, there was an immediate reaction from Sir Roy Welensky in Salisbury. Said Sir Roy: "I am fundamentally opposed to setting up States on racial lines. My reasons briefly are that any form of federation based on racial partition would ultimately wreck the federation's economy, would disturb the confidence of overseas investors and would hinder rather than help the country's progress towards independence within the Commonwealth; and last, but not least, would conflict with our own Federal constitution." This almost certainly was Mr. Blundell's unspoken reaction too. For there are many points of mental as well as physical similarity between the Federation's hefty Welensky and Kenya's burly Blundell. Both have a measured and careful approach to racial problems.

Will Michael Blundell, with his policy of tactful multi-racialism, be the architect of European survival in East Africa? Although he possibly has more devoted followers than any other settler politician, Blundell also has many bitter enemies. He made most of them on a night of drama behind the closed doors of Government House in Nairobi, when he was the main driving force behind acceptance by the majority of the European elected members of the Lyttelton Constitution. (He has denied, however, that he personally negotiated the proposals with Mr. Lyttelton—now Lord Chandos—on an earlier visit to London and subsequently, in Nairobi, presented his fellow elected members with a *fait accompli*.)

His next move was to accept a



## MICHAEL BLUNDELL: CAN HE SUCCEED?

position on the War Council and a seat without portfolio in the new "Cabinet." This was a development at which Lord Delamere, the pioneer of European settlement in East Africa, would have rejoiced. For the first time in the history of the Colony settlers actually had representatives in Government, and Kenya was no longer administered purely by civil servants. Blundell did not want a portfolio; he wanted to be in position to poke his nose into every corner of the administration, to keep a watching brief on the entire scene in the interest of the settlers. The ivory tower was opened and he marched in with hope, enthusiasm and a sense of triumph.

By the strange contrariness that brands the high altitude people of Kenya, almost as soon as Blundell joined the Government, he was subjected to vicious personal and political attacks. His band of detractors grew. He was out to get a knighthood, they said; he had sold the settlers down the Ganges to Nehru and down the Thames to Westminster; he intended to open up the White Highlands to "willing buyers, willing sellers" of any race. He was out for himself, he was not to be trusted. At a time when he should have been directing his entire energies towards the conduct of the Emergency and towards convincing Westminster that settlers were vital to the Colony's government, he was under fire from the very people who should have supported him. Not six weeks after he had joined the Government with their approval, the oldest European political organization in the Colony, the Electors' Union, joined in the anti-Blundell campaign.

Permanent electioneering was always a feature of Kenya political life and the new Minister had to return to the country to defend both himself and the new form of Government. He

accused his detractors of being unable to adjust themselves to new circumstances. He accused them of political immaturity. Sniping at a civil service Government had become so much part of their lives that they were unable to purge themselves of the time-yellowed "opposition mentality."

The row culminated partly in Blundell's sponsorship of the U.C.P., one of the virtues of which would have been the establishment of local political organizations which could have acted as a buffer between Ministers and their constituents. By then the domestic squabble between Kenya's handful of whites was having repercussions far beyond the boundaries of Kenya. The settlers were becoming the laughing-stock of their enemies and the despair of their friends. A truce conference between the warring factions aimed at a measure of domestic tranquillity that Blundell, the Minister, had always needed.

Unfortunately the remedy was only partially effective and the real show-down did not come until the Nakuru vote-of-confidence meeting last March. At least it has gained for Mr. Blundell a breathing-space from political attack, but Ministers are judged by results and so far the Lyttelton Government has produced nothing sensational. In fact, it is generally acknowledged that it made a supreme error by not declaring the Mau Mau Emergency an armed rebellion. Much in Kenya has been bedevilled in the last two years and more by the application of the laws of peace to conditions of war. The general result has been a legal morass which has evoked the criticism that there has been too much law and too little justice in Kenya during the Emergency. Mr. Blundell, as a settler knowing well the conditions of Africa and the difficulty of applying the moral code of Upper Norwood, say, to

Location Eight, Fort Hall, must take his share of blame for this.

On the face of it, it is surprising that Michael Blundell still has so many followers. He remains the most potent individual in Kenya politics. He became the arch-multi-racialist, when "multi-racial" was like a dirty word to many white people in Africa. His ultimate victory or defeat will decide Kenya's destiny and so far—the Emergency apart—he seems to be winning against form. Is it a matter of personality?

The youth who arrived in Kenya in the pioneer days of the 1920's showed little sign of becoming a man of destiny. He was a typical English country yeoman, loving the soil and hating cities, bringing his green fingers to Africa, where he became a farm manager. He lived miles from the nearest township in those days and there was nothing on which to spend his money. He saved enough to buy his own farm, where to-day he grows peas and asparagus and runs a herd of pedigree cattle.

He believes in European immigration and practises what he preaches by employing two families from England on his farm. Blundell likes the African inhabitants of Kenya and can speak the Luo language and Kiswahili fluently, as well as being able to make himself understood in other tribal tongues.

He has built his own house and planned a lovely garden where he grows flowers from the Himalayas, New Zealand, England and all parts of Africa. Here, where he finds peace from the political turmoil, he takes pleasure in showing guests around and reciting the names of the flowers in Latin. (He is a member of the Royal Horticultural Society and one of Kenya's leading botanists.)

Blundell, the farmer and gardener,

was to find his way into politics through a conventional channel—the Army. During the last war he left his farm, never having had any military experience whatsoever, and took command of a military labour unit that was in a grave state of indiscipline. He not only restored discipline but welded the non-combatants into a fighting team and led them into their first action at Gondar, for which he was awarded the M.B.E. Four of his men were also decorated for gallantry, one receiving the Military Medal. Blundell finished the war as a full Colonel.

Once again he is faced with a grave state of indiscipline, this time on a much larger scale. Can he master the situation with equal success? He has done much to clarify the way that Kenya will go in the future and to spotlight some of the pitfalls and incongruities of multi-racial society. White Kenya can no longer be what Evelyn Waugh once described as a Restoration comedy played out at 9,000 ft. above the steaming seaboard of Mombasa. The panga has invaded the playground of the Happy Valley and bitter things must be.

In a mere fifty years of the civilizing influence of the Europeans, Kenya has had to travel far and fast to catch up with nations mellowed by the wisdom of the centuries. Its men of destiny are not case-hardened. Since Blundell joined the Government the European leadership has become dangerously divided. Obviously he can never return to the European community to weld their leaders together in the Legislature, so long as opinion is so bitterly divided upon the scope, extent and timing of multi-racial government. His future partly lies with the confidence that he has gained with the Secretary of State, with Parliament and with the people of the United Kingdom. For

it is still the Governor, at present Sir Evelyn Baring, who, largely guided by these influences, awards portfolios in Kenya's Government. The influence of Westminster is still strong in Kenya's affairs and Blundell has become an almost indispensable liaison officer for the white community.

Nearer home the multi-racial United Country Party must largely safeguard his interests. The party is unique in Kenya, in that it has created the situation where the public will, at the next general election, vote not for an

individual, as they have done in the past, but for an idea. Political observers believe that Blundell will be returned with a resounding majority, for however much he tries to be an individual, at least with his constituents. The voters of the Rift Valley having done their part by returning him to Legislative Council, world opinion, which has known him for so short a time, will almost certainly put him back in Kenya's Government.

JACK ENSOLL.

## INDONESIA: THE PRICE OF INDEPENDENCE

By MICHAEL FABER

THE Conference at Bandung had at least one result. In the minds of millions it put Indonesia on the map. Many people who could have placed Indonesia only rather vaguely somewhere in the Pacific now have a pretty good idea of the way the country sprawls eastward down and around the Malayan archipelago in a fantastic chain of islands.

Beyond this it is still hard to find agreement on any statement that is made about Indonesia. A mess or a miracle, a chaos or a land of promise, an encouraging example of progressive self-government or a desperate triumph of corruption and intrigue, a Colonial relic or a plum ready to drop into the hands of the Communists—one hears all these things said of Indonesia.

More than anywhere else, what one sees in the country depends on how one looks at it. And one learns slowly, after sorting through the many

contradictory comments, that nearly all of them are true.

Indonesia is building for to-morrow. She is building, not perhaps very efficiently, but with tremendous enthusiasm. From 3,000 islands spread over an area broader than the continental United States, she is trying to mould a single country. In 80 million people, with as many as fifty different ethnic backgrounds and cultures, she is trying to create one community of feeling. A colony helped, hindered, but always completely controlled, by the Dutch is to be made an independent, self-reliant nation.

The task ahead is immense. "You will get some idea of our difficulties," a high administrator in East Java told me, "when you realize that in the whole of this vast area we have precisely one construction engineer." A German doctor that I met, working in Indonesia on a five-year contract,

said that he was the only doctor in an area covering over 2,000 square miles, and containing over 250,000 people.

The need for skilled labour of nearly every kind is the most pressing of Indonesia's present wants. Cultivable land there is in abundance, but it remains unexploited. An almost unlimited supply of timber adorns the hilly interior of Borneo. Rubber, tin, coffee, cocoa, copra—all grow effortlessly in the sultry tropical climate. The Molucca Isles formed for decades the centre of the world's spice-producing area. Indonesia is already a substantial oil exporter, but no one yet has even essayed a systematic search for other mineral wealth.

These natural resources will not bring full benefit to the nation until the experience and skills are found that alone can make use of them. "We are a rich country," I remember a villager remarking, "full of poor people."

It is less than eight years since Indonesia, not without bitter struggle, won her independence from the Dutch. It is not then surprising that this jewel of independence should be so zealously guarded and that Indonesians resent even the appearance of foreign interference. The Dutch did much for their East Indies. They drew riches from the earth and from the forest. They ran boats and planes between the scattered isles. They brought the benefits of medicine, and they built towns of the white-washed stone they remembered from their native Holland. They started schools and introduced new methods of agriculture.

The Indonesian saw these things and was not impressed. He saw the wealth that was being taken from his soil being shipped back to Europe, and he called development "exploitation." He saw the plantations spread across the thin acres of the plains,

and knew that they were lost to his own old methods of growth and harvest. To him the factories meant labour, and the fine buildings in the towns stood as reminders of the arrogance of men who had come from a foreign land to be his masters. And the schools: after eighty years of Dutch rule the literacy rate among Indonesians remained a meagre 5 per cent. Perhaps it was this fact above all that convinced the native politicians that Holland had no intention of teaching her richest colony how to be self-governing and independent.

"It was touch and go whether we declared the revolution in 1947," one Indonesian leader told me. "In the end the extreme counsel prevailed and the fighting was started. As a matter of fact we were amazed at the response from the simple peasants who took up their hoes to fight. Neither we nor the Dutch imagined that such deep resentment and hatred existed."

Now it is education first and foremost that is being stressed in this building of a nation. Desperately short of schools and of trained teachers, in their hunger for education they are using every makeshift that can be devised. In the village where I stayed I would wake at five to the sound of children gathering for the first classes of the day. Later in the morning these children would be sent home and others would come in to take advantage of the classrooms. Yet another group would be taught in the afternoons, and in the evening—oil lamps hanging from the beams—the rooms would be used for adult education.

Educated women open their homes for a few hours each day to give instruction to the children of their neighbours. Every evening Ministry of Information vans go out into the villages mixing at least some practical training with their propaganda. By

## INDONESIA : THE PRICE OF INDEPENDENCE

such measures the Government plans to have the country 80 per cent. literate within ten years, and 90 per cent. literate within a generation.

In trade and in production it cannot be pretended that the country has moved so far, or is moving so fast. The Javanese—and 70 per cent. of Indonesians are Javanese—are by nature excellent farmers with no obvious flair for commerce. The Government, not always to the advantage of the economic health of the country, has passed a series of measures intentionally discriminating against non-Indonesian firms.

After enjoying the luxurious conditions of the boom in rubber and tin, Indonesia since the end of the fighting in Korea has been subject to considerable economic stress. Internal prices have risen almost twice as much as the level of prices in the world as a whole. Real *per capita* income is about 10 per cent. lower than it was before the war. "My salary is ten times what it used to be," a planter complained, "but I'm nothing like so well off."

In recent years there has been next to no capital investment, partly because of Government policy towards foreign firms, partly because the plantations, uncertain of their future, are exporting as profit funds that should be used for maintenance. The Indonesians are making a brave effort to finance their own development through co-operative saving societies, but the money these can provide is only a fraction of the capital needed.

Recent recovery in copra, tea, coffee, and petroleum exports have increased the favourable balance of trade, but have not increased it enough to offset the salaries to foreign workers and the return on investments that Indonesia has to send abroad. Consequently the country still suffers from a deficit



ACHMED SOEKARNO, PRESIDENT OF INDONESIA

*Photo: Picture Post Library*

balance of payments. There is also a budget deficit. This increases the inflationary pressure, but with improved rice production and local contracts tied to the cost of rice, this inflation is felt most of all in the towns amongst the buyers of imports.

And it is in the towns that Indonesian inefficiency is at its worst. Ice is short, electricity frequently fails, nobody imports flour because the Indonesian firm that has a monopoly forgets to sell its licence, and the streets fall into disrepair. Naturally the Dutch residents, of whom there are still some 300,000, lament this deterioration.

It is right, as political independence means little without economic independence, that Indonesian businessmen should be encouraged to control their own country's trade. But at present the laws that exist only seem



to give rise to corruption, and to encourage the privileged businessman to get along by selling his permit, rather than by learning the intricacies of his work.

Alien Chinese traders control 60 per cent. of the country's internal commerce. European- and American-dominated firms handle the bulk of foreign trading. The humble politician will admit that the country in the near future cannot realize her potential wealth without relying heavily on foreign skills and on foreign capital.

It is not easy to characterize the nature of Indonesia's present Government in simple terms. There is a National Assembly, although there has not yet been a general election. Ali Sastroamidjojo, the Prime Minister, is a member of the P.N.I. (Nationalist Party) which, with its political allies, controls about 130 of the house's 230 seats.

There are more than a dozen significant parties represented in the Assembly and all Governments have to be coalitions. The Communists are split into two parties, the larger of which votes with the Government. The Government majority without Communist support would be about five seats.

If, as is planned, an election is held next summer, it seems likely that the chief opposition party, the Masjumi, will gain most. The Masjumi is the most powerful of several Muslim parties and is campaigning for the creation of a theocratic state. (The vast majority of the population are Muslims and the small black fez has become a part of national dress.) Many Western observers believe that a strong Muslim administration is the only kind of government that could prevent the country drifting into Communism.

The most influential single man in the country is undoubtedly the Presi-

dent, and father of the revolution, Soekarno. A fantastically effective orator and a man of striking good looks, it seemed until recently that he could do nothing wrong. But a few months ago he took a second wife (Indonesian women are campaigning for monogamy) and a little later he made an unsubstantiated charge that "certain politicians were working in the interests of foreign powers." Both of these actions have affected his popularity.

All Indonesians are united in feeling that Western New Guinea (or West Irian) should belong to their country, and Soekarno on his speaking tours has done much to excite this feeling, partly perhaps to distract attention from the failings of the present Government. For Soekarno, although as President he is above party, was founder of the P.N.I., and at any future election the P.N.I. will lean heavily on his support, as well as on their own supervision of the balloting. The P.K.I. (Communist Party) will levy support through the trade unions they control, and the Masjumi will rely on the strength of Muslim loyalties. The election will be decided between these major protagonists.

Meanwhile not all dissension is confined to political quarrelling. No single explanation can be given to cover the motives of all the rebels still fighting in Indonesia. When the Government dissolved the Confederation in order to constitute a single unitary Republic, fighting broke out in many areas which preferred local autonomy to the rule of a central government. Rebellion was particularly violent in the Moluccas, around Macassar, and in several sections of Java. Darul Islam, the most bloodthirsty of all the armies, started fighting in Northern Sumatra to establish a Muslim State,



## INDONESIA : THE PRICE OF INDEPENDENCE

This warfare continues to disrupt the nation's economy, for large sections are still unsafe for civilians or Government supporters. Many of the guerillas have deteriorated to the status and tactics of robber bands, and the Indonesian army is slowly getting the upper hand. But no one pretends that it will not be some years before complete security is established.

Revolts still flourish in Indonesia.

In the young Administration there is inefficiency and there is corruption. There is also a too real and too little realized danger of the Communists taking over the Government. We need not be blind to these faults, but at the same time we must not let them blind us to the courage of a nation that is willing to pay the price of its independence.

MICHAEL FABER.

## AMERICA AND THE BRITISH ELECTION

By DENYS SMITH

AMERICAN interest in the British Election was mild. But such as it was fell into two categories; its effect on Anglo-American relations and world affairs, and lessons which could be drawn from it applicable to American politics. The emphatic victory won by Sir Anthony Eden and the Conservatives is counted upon to facilitate agreement on foreign policy including such problems as disarmament and negotiating "from strength" with the Russians. American party professionals, whether Republican or Democratic, are inclined to agree that one of the major reasons for Eden's victory was the confidence of the British voter in his ability to conduct foreign relations in such a way that war would be avoided without appeasement being countenanced. They also agree, though with contrary emotions, that Eisenhower commands much the same kind of confidence in the United States.

The fears which a Labour victory would have aroused were not due so much to the personality of Attlee as

to the belief that he would be under constant pressure from Bevan. The contribution which Attlee made to the Anglo-American partnership during the Korean war, despite criticism from his own party, has not been forgotten. But it was held doubtful that he would be capable of resisting Left-wing pressure in the future. A British Government dominated by Bevan would have been looked upon with much the same distrust in the United States as an American Government dominated by McCarthy would be in Britain.

As well as being happy about a Conservative victory the United States is happy that there is at least one government in Europe which, because of its majority, is solidly entrenched and can be counted upon to last four or five years. The new Foreign Secretary, Mr. Harold Macmillan, is a wartime friend of Eisenhower's and held to be an equally firm believer in the Anglo-American partnership.

Turning to the domestic impact of the British Election, the first American

reaction was one of envy. The political campaign was over so quickly, was conducted so calmly, and cost so little. In the United States it might almost be said that a political campaign is the period between one election and the next. Even in the narrow sense of the word it usually takes three months instead of three weeks. American elections take place in November and party Conventions to pick Presidential candidates take place in June or July, but for several months beforehand the various States hold primaries and there is a definite election atmosphere in the land. Next year both parties will hold their party Conventions later—the Republicans in August, the Democrats in late July—which should do something to shorten one aspect of the campaign.

The length of an American election campaign is one reason why so much money is spent. The 1952 Presidential Election, it is estimated, cost the two parties about £36 million. But under existing laws each party's national campaign committee can only spend one million, while individual candidates for the House and Senate can spend a maximum of £8,930 and £1,785 respectively. The totals are increased by subterfuge. Various committees, foundations and "educational" divisions of the trade unions spend money on behalf of the candidates. In a recent speech at Chicago the publisher of the *Washington Post* remarked: "We maintain an official lie about political expenditures." He pointed out that no candidate for House or Senate could keep his campaign costs within the legal limit, so had to accept long-established methods of evasion and manipulation. "So we force the able man entering politics to launch his career with an initial act of blatant hypocrisy, and to endure this indignity every time he runs again."

No wonder, he commented, that in a recent test poll seven out of ten people questioned said they would not like to see their children enter politics.

One American journalist who reported the British elections noted: "When an election costs too much it gives the appearance, if not the substance, of being bought. The British are aware of this and have laid down ground rules that are rigidly obeyed." American candidates would not know what to do if their expenditures were as strictly limited as those in Britain. It is interesting to see that proposals for remedying a situation which has in the past led candidates, or their managers, to seek money from dubious sources, such as the racketeer and underworld, are to double the legal limit and broaden the base for party contributions. Part of the excessively high cost of American elections seems to be habit. If one candidate spends money so must his rival. Another is the size of his constituency. In twenty-seven States a senatorial candidate must cover an area larger than England. He must buy radio time on local stations. Then the cost of everything, from renting of halls to printing of campaign literature, is higher in the United States.

Another source of envy was the high percentage of British voters who went to the polls. In the United States the average since 1920 is less than 51 per cent. of the adult population. In 1950 it was 41 per cent. In 1952 it was 62.7 per cent. which was considered remarkably high. Yet there were complaints in England because the percentage of those voting had fallen less than six points from the 82.6 per cent. of 1951. American voting is particularly light in the Southern States because, with only one strong party, there is more interest in the Democratic Party primaries than

## AMERICA AND THE BRITISH ELECTION

in elections. But even with the South excluded, the American voting percentage is much less than in England. Only four States have a voting average of 70 per cent. or over. One contributory reason is that the American population moves about more than the British, so that in every election about 5 per cent. of the eligible total cannot vote because they have not satisfied the residential requirements of the States to which they have moved. It would be false to conclude that Americans are less interested in their democratic rights and duties than the British. The two American parties are not sharply divided according to principles, but each party contains within itself those who hold similar views. The policies which it will follow after the election can be, and indeed are, strongly influenced by organized public pressure, by "lobbying" in its broadest sense. Any American Congressman, whatever his party, who did not heed this expression of popular opinion would not secure re-election. Americans thus exert their democratic influence in a different and more continuous way than in England.

In looking for similarities between British election issues and American, it has been noted that the three P's—prosperity, peace and prices—played a large part in the British campaign. Eden benefited from the peace and prosperity issues, but was vulnerable on prices. Eisenhower, as has already been suggested, is looked upon, like Eden, as the man best qualified to keep the country out of war without sacrificing essential interests. America, like Britain, is enjoying economic prosperity and high employment. But in addition the Eisenhower Administration can claim that it has prevented an inflationary price rise. The cost of living index has remained prac-

tically stable for the past two years. Therefore, if the American electorate responded to these three issues in the same way as the British, the Republican Party could logically hope to do better than the British Conservatives. Another feature of the British Election applicable to the United States is that old resentments appear to have been forgotten. The Labour Party was unable to scare the voters away from the Conservative Party by recalling the unemployment of the depression years. In the United States the Democrats have been accused in the past of "running against Hoover." Even during the last Presidential elections the Republicans were attacked as the party of unemployment. But this fear is diminishing as the recollection of the past is dimmed by the realities of the present.

Nearly every American observer agreed that the Labour Party suffered from the divisions in its ranks. Both American parties also suffer from inner division, so this lesson, too, is being taken to heart. The Republicans are split between those who follow Eisenhower's middle-of-the-road philosophy and the Right wing which used to follow Taft. Senator Knowland now appears to be making a bid to take Taft's place. But this Republican division will only be important when Eisenhower leaves the political scene. As long as he remains Republican leader his prestige will keep the party united. It is usually easier for the party in power to retain its unity, because it has in the President an acknowledged head. American opposition parties, on the other hand, have no real leader. The defeated Presidential candidate does not fill the bill in the same sense as the British opposition leader. There is no guarantee that he will be picked again to lead his party; in fact more often than not a different Presidential candidate is

chosen. So the Democratic Party now has a harder time than the Republican in achieving unity, particularly in reconciling its Southern and Northern wings which Roosevelt's prestige could hold together, much as Eisenhower can hold together the rival wings of the Republican Party.

The British Election also seems to show that in Britain as in the United States there is a movement away from extremes towards the centre. The prospect of more Socialist experiments had no greater appeal to the British voter than the prospect of more "New Deal" experiments has to the American. In this context the Bevan faction of the Labour Party bears some relationship to the "New Deal" elements in the Democratic Party, who object to the veteran Southern leadership now exercised in Congress. They want the Democrats to become a fighting opposition with less co-operation and more controversy. Eisenhower has a minority of his own party in Congress, but most of his programme has been voted by large majorities. The average Congressional Democrat has supported him, it has been calculated from the voting record of the present session, as much as the average Republican. On domestic legislation Republicans on an average have supported 64 per cent. of his proposals and Democrats 57 per cent., while on foreign affairs Democrats have supported 69 per cent and Republicans only 52 per cent. "How can you win a Presidential election by pointing out that you have supported Eisenhower better than the Republicans?" complained one dissatisfied "New Deal" Democrat.

The truth is that the basic political philosophy of the Democratic leaders in Congress is very similar to that of Eisenhower. It is in this sense that both parties have moved towards the

centre. The President is not trying to undo the "welfare" aspects of past Democratic programmes, any more than the Conservative Party wants to overthrow the so-called "Welfare State." It is the doctrinaire approach which is losing its appeal in both countries, what the Americans often call "stateism." One American reporter suggested that in Britain to-day "poverty is resented, not profits." That is the American attitude. The cure for poverty, the United States believes, is production and the way to get it is not to rely on the Government, but encourage the individual to use his skill and initiative to the full. Economic extremes breed political extremes, and in both countries the political extremes lose strength as the gap between the highest and lowest incomes is being narrowed.

But there is still a marked contrast in the way this equalization of income is being brought about. Speaking broadly, the United States brings low incomes up while in Britain taxation brings the high incomes down. Twenty years ago there were 29.8 million heads of families or individuals in the United States getting less than £714 annually (\$2,000). To-day there are only 8.3 million and these include the unemployed (close to three million) physically handicapped, aged and marginal land farmers. Twenty years ago there were 1.2 million householders with incomes over £1,785 (\$5,000). Now there are 21.1 million. The theory of the early Marxists that the rich would get richer while the poor grew poorer has certainly not been borne out in America. Twenty years ago some of the New Deal economists set a goal of £893 (\$2,500) for every American family to be achieved by national planning. The idea was laughed at as fantastic. Now the American family which does not get

## AMERICA AND THE BRITISH ELECTION

that amount is an exception and the result has been achieved not by Government planning but under the natural play of a competitive free enterprise society.

The British Election result, in short, was considered in America to be encouraging from the international

point of view. Political conditions in the two countries are not sufficiently alike for either party to regard it as the writing on the wall, but the result was one which the moderate elements in both parties viewed with pleasure.

DENYS SMITH.

## MUSICAL PATRONAGE: ITS DUTIES AND LIMITATIONS

By JOHN CHRISTIE

**M**USIC in England seems to be divided into two classes. In the one, which is much the larger, it seems not to matter whether the singing is in tune or whether the rules on which composition in the past has been based are entirely ignored, so long as rhythm is thumped out loudly enough on percussion instruments. In the other, at least in the past, a sense of beauty was all-important. Followers of the second class can bear with difficulty the effects of the first class. Followers of the first class are not impressed by the achievements of the second class. Whether they are actively opposed to these achievements, or whether they are obsessed with an inferiority complex, I do not know. A third class seems now to be developing, in which modern music is not marred by ugliness and harshness. The same thing applies to painting. Much of life may be ugly, but I do not spend my time reading about the hateful aspects of life. On the contrary, my mind searches for beauty and pity rather than for punishment.

In the past there have been great composers, many of whom struggled to achieve the beauty at which they aimed, and many of whom had but the

scantest financial rewards. There can be no more glaring condemnation of the ruling classes in the second half of the 18th century than the treatment of Mozart. The world's greatest musical genius, born in 1756—nearly 200 years ago—the servant of the ecclesiastical authorities, the royalty and the nobility of his own time, and accorded almost universal adulation in our time by the cultured and educated people of the world, ended his life at the age of thirty-six and was thrown into a pauper's grave without acknowledgement or respect. What a condemnation of the aristocracy of that time—of an aristocracy for whom he worked, and at a time when musical culture was associated with the position of an aristocrat!

How do we stand in our time? When I was young, about the end of the last century, we had a fine judgement and achievement in literature, an abominable practice and taste in architecture, and a humbugging attitude to music. Young women would sing after dinner, unwittingly without skill. In fact the critical power of our society in music was far below its critical power in literature. Somehow it just happened like that. Standards





A REHEARSAL IN THE ORGAN ROOM AT GLYNDEBOURNE.

*Photo: Picture Post Library*

have now changed and to-day there is considerable musical taste in Britain. But what is being done to satisfy this taste? What to develop it? Much could be achieved by an efficient lead. Chance will only get us some of the way. In the last thirty years there has been development in the musical field. The problem, then, is to expand and steer this growth.

Success comes from hard struggles, not from an easy life. This is a warning against State subsidies. The State is a jellyfish. It breeds jellyfishes. Protection is just the opposite of what it sets out to be. Was Mozart protected? The ideal should subsidize itself. Idealists have their heads in the sky, but they must also have their feet on the ground. And the sky must be clear; heads in clouds are no good to anyone.

It is perhaps not for me to criticize

other people, but it is definitely my duty to achieve what my wife and I set out to achieve when in 1934 we opened our first Glyndebourne Festival. Then, to quote Mr. Roy Henderson in the 1954 Programme Book:—

“It was while on a railway journey in company with some fellow artists that I heard of the project of Opera on the South Downs. All of us discussed it with the feeling that this was another mad scheme, far more crazy than any of the well-meaning attempts to form an opera company, which had from time to time foundered on financial rocks. Here was a man evidently determined to give opera four miles from the small county town of Lewes, a mile from the nearest bus stop, presumably in the open air. My only experience of open air singing had been at a private party on a Thames island, with the newly appointed musical director of a recording company in the audience. We were rather excited to see that he appeared to be most interested. He told a friend afterwards that he had been fascinated by the number of flies and midges that each singer inhaled, and that so-and-so was easily the winner. Opera on the Downs during a warm evening, with a fine local hatch of Olive Duns, and bats attracted by the lighting, might at least be entertaining.

Later I heard that a theatre was in the process of being built. Sheer madness! Had no one warned this Mr. John Christie that opera in the best of conditions would ruin him if it were undertaken seriously? Where could he find an audience? Of course he could probably afford a week of semi-professional performances, with the local choral societies providing the chorus, the nearest amateur operatic society providing most of the principals and the producer, and a promising youngster from one of the Colleges as conductor. The orchestra could be two pianos, or some local amateur string players with rather down-trodden professional stiffen-

## MUSICAL PATRONAGE: ITS DUTIES AND LIMITATIONS

ing at the most. It would be fun; but fancy building a theatre for just that."

*The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* were good enough to send their head critics, Harry Colles and Richard Capell—now, alas, both dead—down to Glyndebourne a fortnight before we started, to see for themselves and to advise their editors whether there was any possibility of this mad scheme succeeding—opera in the heart of the country, £2 a seat and no "names." They found in it a most serious and a most determined purpose. The seven people in the special train on the second night were the pioneers of a large and growing public. But we have had deadly enemies. All the better. They have drawn more out of us. Of course that was not their intention, but what does that matter? After all, the results are much more important than they or we. Personal ambition must be kept out.

So this year, two months before we opened our Festival and four months before we finished, our booking office banked £55,000. The Edinburgh Festival, which was my wife's idea, has

been stated publicly by a recent Lord Provost to bring £1 million into the City of Edinburgh in its three weeks' duration.

So what is to be done? Conductors and principals must be trained at an advanced level. This depends on contact and work with the great. Conductors are the clue. If they are right, the orchestras will be right and the soloists will be right. It is also necessary to gather good audiences—people who understand and respect good music. Other leaders must do this part of the work and must be responsible for their side of the results.

The war left countries ruined and their buildings smashed. What an opportunity! Our country could have led the world. As it was the opportunities were refused. Glyndebourne has its evidence. Now it is more difficult. Other countries are not achieving the results, but they are absorbing the artists. And we must sadly count the great conductors who have died or are less active than they were in 1945.

JOHN CHRISTIE.

## OPERA ON STAGE AND SCREEN

By NOËL GOODWIN

**B** RITAIN is rapidly becoming more and more opera-conscious, especially now that our own composers have begun to win their spurs in what was almost entirely a Continental monopoly. So far as the great classics are concerned the most discriminating and exacting listener can expect to obtain satisfaction without going abroad—at Glyndebourne—and the cinema has made cautious incur-

sions into the operatic world for the praiseworthy purpose of bringing it to wider audiences. With the possibility that Glyndebourne may one day be seen on the screen, it is of interest to consider what has been achieved in each direction.

Glyndebourne Opera has come of age. When the apparently precarious venture first began twenty-one years ago, most people looked on it as a rich

man's eccentricity, unaware that it was making operatic history. Within a few years, and again after having been re-established after the war, the name of Glyndebourne came to mean a standard of excellence in operatic production and performance unsurpassed by any of the most lavishly endowed opera houses in the world. There is a story of an Italian *dilettante* of the early nineteenth century who spent his life in search of the perfect blending of a female voice and a violin. The poor fellow was an idealist of course, but his endless quest has its parallel to-day. John Christie has spent £150,000 of his own money on the attainment of a personal ideal—to show that Britain can reach the summit of world prestige in at least one branch of art. He is the answer to the cynic's belief that there is no such thing as a man of disinterested ambition, and it is at once a pleasure and a privilege to recognize, even if it cannot be redeemed, the immense debt which opera in Britain owes to his efforts.

The success of these has been due to much more than simply spending the money. He has gathered round him a brilliant team of artists and businessmen to organize and administer the annual festival. The nucleus to begin with was Carl Ebert, a producer of startling imagination, and the late Fritz Busch, a dynamic but level-headed conductor, both victims of Nazi persecution. With Christie and his late wife, Audrey Mildmay, the original Glyndebourne Susanna, they set out in 1934 to prove that Osbert Sitwell was not entirely right when he declared a few years earlier that "the growing popularity of opera in England is due not so much to an increase in artistic susceptibility as to a growing conviction on the part of Englishmen that it is not art." Quality gained its due reward of public respect and esteem.

The visitor to Glyndebourne to-day cannot fail to be impressed by the fruits of three distinctive contributions its founder has personally made towards its success. He has made the conditions suit the artist, not the artist the conditions. He has ensured that responsibility is firmly fixed for every detail of organization. By no means least, his own frank, responsive personality and compulsive confidence have created a special atmosphere in which the harmoniously combined effort of many nationalities flourishes at its best. Glyndebourne works as a team, and no better example of this could be seen than the new production of Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* which opened this year's festival last month. No one singer or no one aspect of the production dominated the performance to the exclusion of the others. This is not to say that all were equally good, but one was conscious that the many factors which go to make an operatic performance has somehow been integrated into an organic whole. The resulting glory belonged, as it should, to Mozart.

Much of the perennial fascination of this immortal comedy derives from seeing how the dramatic conflict of sex, class and wits is swayed by the changing relationships of weight and colour of voice in the different singers' characterizations. A Figaro who is a potentially dangerous revolutionary will tilt the balance of the opera in a different direction from one who is merely a servant concerned to advance his own interests. I use this as a hypothetical example, without special relevance to the way the part is interpreted in this production. One striking contrast that does emerge this time, however, is that the opera is as much the Almovivas' story as it is that of Figaro and Susanna. This comes of having more forceful artists than usual in the parts of the Count and Countess, namely Franco

## OPERA ON STAGE AND SCREEN

Calabrese and Sena Jurinac, as a counterpoise to the engaging personalities of Sesto Bruscantini's Figaro and Elena Rizzieri's Susanna. Most of the lesser parts, especially Frances Bible's Cherubino and Hugues Cuénod's Basilio, stand out more sharply as a result of stronger characterization in addition to fine singing, and the spirit of the comedy is thus raised to a higher level altogether. Oliver Messel's charming new sets and costumes in turn counterbalanced the otherwise slightly too serious approach of Vittorio Gui's conducting, but the radiance of Mozart's imagination has once more created a gallery of recognizable and lovable human personalities.

*Figaro*, with which Glyndebourne opened in 1934, was an appropriate and happy choice to mark its coming of age, but I confess to a personal feeling of disappointment in its second production this year—the revival of Rossini's only French comic opera, *Le Comte Ory*. It may well be that Glyndebourne will establish as great a reputation for its revivals of forgotten Rossini, especially under such a devoted Rossinian as Gui, as it already has for its Mozart productions. *La Cenerentola* certainly scored an immediate and deserved success, and I have no doubt that another would be forthcoming if it turned its attention, as I hope it one day may, to *L'Italiana in Algeri*. *Le Comte Ory*, I feel—though I am probably in a minority—hardly deserves the care that has obviously been lavished on it. The story was expanded from a one-act vaudeville by the indefatigable Eugène Scribe to help Rossini fulfil his Paris Opéra contract. Rossini likewise took over some of his own music from an earlier piece, *Il Viaggio a Reims*, and the mixture was rather crudely spatch-cocked into a comic opera which creaks rather than scintillates. It has been enthusiastically described as an opera-

tic *soufflé*, but it reminded me of a somewhat stodgy pudding concealed in sugar-icing. It was, however, worth seeing for the delights of the Messel mediæval fairy-land and the giddy humour of Juan Oncina's portrayal of the Count with a roving eye and Bocaccian ingenuity.

Later in the season the festival will present Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. Mention of the last-named brings me to a consideration of experiments made in methods of preserving great opera performances for the delight of future audiences. This was the declared aim of the film of *Don Giovanni* made at last year's Salzburg Festival with the late Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting, and recently shown publicly at the Royal Festival Hall. The argument is that the film can do for the whole opera what gramophone records have done for the musical aspect alone, as well as for orchestral music, in the last twenty-five years. My answer is that the film can do no such thing, at least with present limitations of cinematograph technique. It would indeed be wonderful to have a visual as well as an aural record of great performances at Glyndebourne and elsewhere, but the problems to be overcome are still immense. We may hope that technology will eventually discover the solutions, for, apart from the mere act of preservation, there is the further purpose of helping to meet the obvious signs of a growing hunger for opera in many places.

Theoretically this will be done by diffusing it more widely through the medium of cinema and television screens to audiences in remote places, where "live" opera performances are not economically or physically possible, and thereby attract new listeners to an understanding of the art. Any attempt to do this, however, must be faithful to



the art-form without being put on in such a way that either the initiated or the uninitiated are put off. The *Don Giovanni* film was likely to attract neither category; its technical deficiencies irritated the opera-goer and probably bored the newcomer. Of course it was by no means the first attempt at filmed opera, nor was it either the least or the most successful experiment so far. It simply posed afresh the nature of the problem.

That problem is how to wrench a work of art out of one generic medium and compress it into another without disrupting the process of personal imagination that enables the various components of opera to cohere into a living organism. It is not just a matter of combining into one process the two elements of sound and sight, setting up a camera and recording machine and synchronizing the result; it involves asking the audience to accept a world of artifice at second-hand, projected across the barrier of a cinema screen that destroys the delicate and complex sight-and-sound tissue of the theatre. It also involves the adaptation of an essentially mobile means of communication to an essentially static form of entertainment, and the reconciliation of a medium which exists primarily to break down the restriction of a proscenium with a visual spectacle conditioned and stylized by the very implications of a proscenium. Finally, the problem involves the means of preserving the illusion of distance in space and time which it is the basic purpose and function of the stage to create.

Efforts to overcome these obstacles have generally been in the direction of adapting camera technique to preserve a balance of sight and sound. Opera is fundamentally a series of emotional crises, not merely described as words do a spoken drama, but expatiated on in music. Hence the ear frequently

becomes more important than the eye, and it is essential that visual distractions of the kind in which the cinema specializes should not encroach on the aural attention at these points. Producers have repeatedly made the fundamental mistake of keeping the camera steady while the interest is centred on the action, and then as soon as a singer begins an impassioned or reflective aria, allowing the camera to wander about the surrounding neighbourhood, lighting on the singer in close-up or middle-shot, in profile or full-mouth (I cannot describe it as full-face) before wandering off again to the object of his affections or anger, the listening character in the background, or even the conductor in the orchestra-pit. The consequence is that the visual sense is never allowed to rest in abeyance, as it is in the opera house, where we are pleased enough to keep a lazy eye on the singer while concentrating our attention on the music. This is something very different from the penetrating and restless gaze forced on us by the camera lens.

Another blunder of camera technique illustrated by the *Don Giovanni* film is the method of following the movements of two singers at a time from one side of the stage to another, always trying to get them in the middle like an assiduous spotlight, instead of letting our eyes do the following as we wish. But this pales beside the sins committed in nearly every filmed and televised opera in the sacred name of "close-up." If there is any sight more unprepossessing than that of the average opera singer in full cry and at close quarters I should like to know what it is. The moment the camera moves in for the kill, as it were, the whole romantic illusion is shattered. Distance in space and time created in our imagination is annihilated, and the brutal magnification of the characters



## OPERA ON STAGE AND SCREEN

shows them no longer as the romantic hero, the graceful heroine or the Mephistophelian villain, which the dramatist and musician would persuade us they are, but as fallible human beings, caught in a moment of exaggerated natural absurdity.

There is another school of thought, happily not that concerned with the *Don Giovanni* film, that believes opera can be made more acceptable by giving it realistic, true-to-life settings for its scenes. Its advocates apparently suffer from the delusion that a theatrical setting is merely a makeshift replacement forced on the producer and designer because the actuality is not available. *Tosca* filmed in Rome or *Aida* in Egypt will be much more effective than seen against a painted imitation—so the argument runs. I must say I should like to see the same principle applied to the opening scene of *Das Rheingold*, for instance, just for the fun of it, but the fact remains that opera is a work not of nature but of art, and theatrical invention is an organic component of it. It is to be expected that the cinema could and probably should approach it from a different angle to that of the theatre, but it cannot dispense with it altogether. Sets should be imaginatively created for an opera film just as they are for the theatre, and the ingenuity that went into the settings for *The Tales of Hoffmann* film a few years ago is an example of the way it can be done, without resorting to the other extreme of simple photographed stage performance, as *Don Giovanni* did.

*The Tales of Hoffmann*, however, wholly satisfying on the visual side, overstrained the boundaries of credibility and convention with its musical tricks. With one or two exceptions it used two casts—one of singers to record the sound track, the other of actors and actresses to mime the action. The audience was asked to

believe that a character supposed to represent a clockwork doll could simultaneously perform the most intricate balletic feats and sing the exacting coloratura with faultless perfection. Human imagination could not respond to the phenomenon with anything more than incredulous disbelief. In any case, synchronization of the sound and movements of the same person is still not as perfect as it should be, let alone marrying-up the separate efforts of two individuals. Nor have we apparently reached the stage where the musical reproduction of the sound-track can match the "high fidelity" of the latest advances in gramophone recording. Dr. Czinner took British technicians with him to Salzburg to record *Don Giovanni* but, even making allowances for the hideous reverberations of the *Felsenreitschule* where it was filmed, not all their acknowledged skill could ensure a reproduction that was anything more than a continuous blur of coarse sound, with only the main melodic outlines clearly discernible.

It is time for those intending to develop the opera-film to take stock of the experiments to date in this form, and to absorb the lessons that can be learned from them on the lines I have ventured to suggest. Among the most notable experiments was Pabst's version of *Die Dreigroschenoper* made in 1931—an unique film in its way and one that still has much to show in the matter of integrating essential elements of opera with the technique of the cinema. Since the war there has been shown here a series of Italian opera-films which afford a fund of instruction in what not to do. From the United States has come a novel idea that the way to treat opera on the screen is to take the music and apply it to a modern script bearing no relation to the original story, and the blatant, distasteful vulgarity of *Carmen Jones* was

the unfortunate result. There has also been an American film of *Aida* that recently attracted packed houses for several weeks in New York. I certainly hope we may have a chance to see Roberto Rossellini's film version of Honegger's *Joan of Arc at the Stake*, a stage version of which aroused much interest and controversy in London last autumn. It may well lend itself to successful cinematic treatment.

There remains one outstanding example of filmed opera I have left until last because it serves to sum up the arguments I have put forward on this subject. Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Medium* may not be a great opera, but it certainly made a remarkable film. Jean Cocteau is reported to have advised Menotti: "The only way to make a good film is to know nothing about it; go straight at it, unprepared, and ask for the impossible." By improvising much of the film on the spot and virtually ignoring the carefully prepared script, Menotti achieved

an impressive feat of direction and created a true lyric drama of the screen. Menotti maintained that it is the task of the artist-director to "lend his human soul to the artificial limbs of the camera," and in this phrase lies perhaps the key to his success. The problems attending the transformation of opera into film may seem to be almost insoluble, but they can be overcome provided producers use imagination without distortion and respect without piety. There should first be, however, a radical reform of camera technique and improvements in sound reproduction. There should also be an element of improvisation and invention—possibly even into the realm of animated "cartoons" or line pictures. Above all, however, there should be recognition of the ultimate principle of opera-film—that a visual scene must never be created primarily for its own sake, but only as a visual expression of the musical theme.

NOËL GOODWIN.

## POETS AND THE UNIVERSITIES

By H. C. DUFFIN

IT is always rewarding to examine the facts behind popular opinions. A. N. Whitehead (as quoted in Lucien Price's *Dialogues*) was expressing a widely held view when he said: "... twice as many poets came out of Cambridge as out of Oxford." Now this is true of the greatest poets of all, but why should so intriguing a generalization leave out of account all but the very few who are pre-eminent?

Taking into consideration poets of the second class (and including dramatic poets) I find that the comparison, though not the proportion, is true of the two centuries from Shakespeare to Blake. Of this period time has erased

or obscured the names of all but 44 poets, divided between the two Universities as follows:—

Cambridge	19
Oxford	13

(including three poets, Donne, Shirley and Cowley, who went to both Universities).

But in the 19th century, from Wordsworth to 1900, the facts concerning the 47 poets whose names are still remembered are different. The division is now:—

Oxford	13
Cambridge	8

And when we come to the 20th century the change is even more striking. For

## POETS AND THE UNIVERSITIES

the basis of this part of the enquiry I have taken the poets included in the three volumes of *Poets of Today* (published in 1915, 1928 and 1938 respectively) and the two Penguin volumes called *From Bridges to the Present Day* (i.e. 1937) and *Contemporary Verse*, edited by Kenneth Allott (published 1950). These collections (which were chosen because they supply biographical notes) provided me with no less than 122 poets writing between 1900 and 1950, and the University numbers come out as follows:—

Oxford	42
Cambridge	16

In this last period there were fifteen poets who had been educated at other Universities than Oxford and Cambridge, in the 19th century five, and in the first period three. (In the earliest period "other Universities" means Edinburgh and Dublin; the 19th century added Glasgow and London to the Universities supplying poets; while in the present century the poets come from most of the British, and some European, Universities.) So, besides the growing attraction of Oxford for poetic youth, another interesting fact is that most of our poets have been university-educated. In the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries the figures are:—

University-educated	32
Non-University	12
in the 19th century:—	
University-educated	26
Non-University	22
and in the 20th century:—	
University-educated	73
Non-University	49

And combining all the results we have, among our more than 200 poets:—

Oxford	68
Cambridge	43
Other University	23
Non-University	83

It is also interesting to notice that women poets are, almost without excep-

tion, "non-university." It was not quite impossible for women to have a university education in the latter half of the 19th century, but it is not surprising that of the four poetesses included in our second period—Emily Brontë, Elizabeth Browning, Christina Rossetti and Jean Ingelow—none took advantage of the possibilities. Yet some explanation seems to be required for the fact that of the twelve women poets represented in the five modern anthologies named only one took a university course—Kathleen Raine, who did Science at Girton. Even Frances Cornford, though she lived in Cambridge and her mother was a lecturer at Newnham, was "privately educated"; Lilian Bowes-Lyon was for a short time a home-student at Oxford but did not read for a degree.

It is likely that the same explanation accounts for both sets of facts—that most men poets and hardly any women poets have been university products. Men find the freedom and richness of university life (nowadays, it would seem, especially life at Oxford) so miraculous and exhilarating that the seed of poetry, in those hearts where it has been planted by the gods, is encouraged as by sun and rain to blossom like the rose. Of the many thousands of young women who have gone up to the University in the last fifty years scores must have carried with them that seed, but it has almost invariably been killed, not nourished—why, only the women could tell us. Virginia Woolf attributed it to the inferior food and drink served at table in the women's colleges; at least one young Oxford woman has told me that daily communion with women dons is not inspiring.

Evidently the democratization of the Universities has not yet had a pronounced effect on the aristocracy of poetry, and in spite of the spread of

popular education the safest road to Parnassus is still the road through the University. For the last 150 years poetic celebrity has been best assured by an Oxford course, but if it is the loftiest peak of immortality that is sought it would appear (taking all three periods into account) that it is best either to go to Cambridge or to avoid the University altogether. Of the thirteen supreme poets before 1900, six went to Cambridge (Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Tennyson), five were non-univer-

sity (Shakespeare, Pope, Burns, Keats and Browning), and only two went to Oxford (Shelley and Arnold). To these we may add the three greatest names among the later poets, Yeats, de la Mare and Eliot, of whom the first two are non-university, while Eliot pursued learning from Harvard to Oxford and the Sorbonne. Whence it appears that, by a bare majority, the greatest poets of all have, like the women, preferred to let genius expand freely in the University of the world.

H. C. DUFFIN.

## FIFTY YEARS AGO

IN July, 1905, *The National Review* contained an article by W. P. Reeves entitled "The Expansion of Utopia," from which the following passage is taken:—

The nearer Utopia-building comes to this hesitating and perplexed twentieth century, the less confident and dogmatic the process seems to grow. While the structures of the architects cover more ground, they grow more misty and far-away. The last builder who seemed to have enough sure and certain hope to give solidity and finish to his palace of earthly happiness was Edward Bellamy, whose knock-down dogmatism helped to gain him some millions of readers. After him, Morris was content to blow glittering but very fragile bubbles, and Howells, though not so incredible and flimsy, is light and sketchy, albeit in his own pleasant manner. *A Traveller from Altraria* may appeal to a class of readers who cannot stomach the heavier food of *Looking Backward*. It is always readable, always in good taste, and—alone among Utopias—introduces us to characters which distinctly resemble human beings. For all that, it is too slight and unoriginal to rank with Mr. Wells's stronger *New Utopia*, which in sanity and range of knowledge, certainly in

thoughtful and practical suggestiveness, appears to me fairly to excel its fore-runners. To any one given to brooding over the problems of to-day it will furnish more thought-stimulant than half a dozen of the older Utopias put together. It is not a plain tale. Mr. Wells might have remembered that most of us have not the keen eyes of his imagination. For us to realize a Utopia at all it must be drawn in clear, strong strokes. I fear that his idealized image of this globe—for that is his World-State—will be voted by many too vague. That conceded, his shadowy, suggestive method has the great advantage of tempering the shocks which all Utopias must give to the doubting reader. The melancholy failure of attempt after attempt to found complete communal societies on earth has put idealists out of conceit with static communes. The progress of National Socialism, though not unapparent, is turning out to be far more Fabian, not to say tortoise-like, than enthusiastic readers of Bellamy were inclined to hope fifteen years ago. History, moreover, has impressed upon even the more inexperienced of us that societies go on changing, and that the more intelligent and capable the units comprising them are, the less likely are they to remain stationary.

# BOOKS NEW AND OLD

## LIVING UPON HOPE \*

By ERIC GILLET

"HE that lives upon hope," Benjamin Franklin remarked, "will die fasting." This has often struck me as one of the silliest of the vast compendium and junk heap of old saws, proverbs, adages and so forth compiled by eminent men for the bewilderment of posterity. In one way or another every book noticed in this article gives Franklin the lie, but none of them as emphatically as David Howarth's *We Die Alone*. It is the most remarkable record of human endurance I have ever read, and unless it were thoroughly documented and verified it would be impossible to believe in it. It may have some importance as a war book. I neither know nor care about that, and in saying so I have not the least desire to appear discourteous. The fact that Jan Baalsrud, a young Norwegian, was engaged on a sabotage mission against the Germans in his own country, and soon found himself alone on an arctic island with the whole of the German occupation forces in pursuit, is of relatively small account. What matters far more are the things that happened to Baalsrud, as he tried to find his way into Sweden eighty miles away. It took him all of two months to pass the frontier. First he swam from island to island in the icy seas of March. He was chased into the unmapped peaks of the Lyngen Alps. He started an avalanche and fell 300 feet. Delirious, concussed, frost-bitten, he was cared for by a poor woman in a cottage, but when he recovered he could not stand.

From this point the story becomes more and more improbable. It is

almost beyond human understanding that Baalsrud should have survived a period when he lay for weeks alone and with almost no food on the top of a snow-covered fell. For four or five days he was in his sleeping bag on a sledge. There were two blankets and a layer of canvas to cover him with only a foot's space between his face and the snow which lay to a depth of nearly five feet above. When they dug him out he was just able to articulate "You can't kill an old fox, you know. You can't kill an old fox." It is a famous old Norwegian proverb. Even more exciting in a book full of thrills is the final dash for freedom over the border after several days in the hands of some unpredictable Lapps and their equally uncertain reindeer. Five hundred of these animals stampeded and took Baalsrud in a rocking sleigh out over the slushy, groaning ice of a thawing lake on to the Swedish shore. Without hope, which he somehow kept alight in these dire circumstances Baalsrud would never have survived, and these examples of

\* *We Die Alone*. By David Howarth. Collins. 15s.

*Journey into a Fog*. By Margareta Berger-Hamerschlag. Gollancz. 18s.

*Thomas Gray: A Biography*. By R. W. Ketton-Cremer. C.U.P. 25s.

*A Rose for Winter*. By Laurie Lee. Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.

*Fools of Choice*. By Peter de Polnay. Hale. 12s. 6d.

*My Several Worlds*. By Pearl S. Buck. Methuen. 21s.

*No Flies in China*. By G. S. Gale. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

*The Red Carpet*. By Marshall MacDuffie. Cassell. 18s.

*Stalin's Russia and After*. By Harrison Salisbury. Macmillan. 21s.



his ordeal are not in my opinion the worst of them. However firmly you may have resolved not to read another war book I urge you to make an exception and read *We Die Alone*. Mr. Howarth's narrative has a strength and restraint which are almost beyond praise.

Without hope Mrs. Margareta Berger-Hamerschlag would have found it impossible to endure or write about the experiences she has set down so movingly in *Journey into a Fog*. This book is in the category of what are now known as documentaries. The scene is London and it might be in almost any part of the amorphous mass. I should like to feel that every thinking English man and woman, whatever their political creed or affiliation, will read this haunting and most disturbing account of the experiences of an artist who gave voluntary art classes in a London youth club. Viennese herself Mrs. Berger-Hamerschlag did what she could to bring some idea of a serious artist's standards to the children and adolescents who were her pupils. It was an almost heartbreaking business in a place where some of the girls walked out when she introduced plaster casts of nude figures for the class to copy, because they were "rude." The book is so vivid, so full of truth and life that one can understand why Mr. J. J. Mallon, who has spent a lifetime in the East End, calls it "the most brilliant document of its kind." It is, and it is also the strongest possible indictment of ourselves who have allowed such vile conditions to persist, because the minds of these young creatures are in even greater need of care and education than are their weedy, ill-nourished bodies. The author brought courage and compassion to her task and these are the qualities which will be needed in the fullest possible measure to dispel the miasma which she has depicted. *Journey into a Fog* is the most important book

on this subject since Sir Alexander Paterson's *Across the Bridges*. I cannot give it higher praise than that.

Leaving the London hoodlums to rove back to the polished world of Horace Walpole one finds oneself in another and a clearer air. Twenty years ago Mr. R. W. Ketton-Cremer published a short book on the poet Gray. It turns out to have been only a study for his new *Thomas Gray: A Biography*, a civilized, learned, and always readable "life," which fits neatly into the gap which has been empty for too long. Readers who have omitted to read Gray's superb letters and have concentrated on the small *corpus* of his poetry are inclined to think of him as a worthy poet and a dull dog. In fact he was an enigma and Mr. Ketton-Cremer has mercifully not found it necessary to enlist the help of the psychiatrists to explain him. Gray was a scholar, a dilettante, a very secretive person, an epicure, who only once allowed his heart to run away with him. The famous tour with Walpole, the years at Cambridge and in London are excellently covered and there emerges the picture of a man who was, as his biographer says, "aware from his early years, there were deep-seated differences of temperament between himself and the majority of other men." With indifferent physical health added, here is evidence of the reasons for the poet's lifelong melancholy. Mr. Ketton-Cremer has written anything but a depressing book and his publishers are to be congratulated on its excellent format.

Mr. Laurie Lee publishes so rarely that his first full prose book may be described as an event. With the exception of Dylan Thomas no one has hammered out a more colourful descriptive prose style than Mr. Lee. In *A Rose for Winter* he has chosen an ideal subject.

## LIVING UPON HOPE

He was in Spain during the Civil War. Fifteen years later he spent a winter in Andalusia, and his book describes the countryside and, among the towns, Algeciras, Granada and Seville. He has an easy knack of getting on to terms with the people he meets, and he has assembled a fine collection of characters and eccentrics here. There are English smugglers, poetry-writing waiters, strange inn-keepers, and philosophic bakers. There are children of all kinds, simple, pathetic and precocious. An astonishing feast in, of all places, a telephone exchange, is matched by an equally odd encounter with a woman and child lying on a bed in the open air at the top of a precipice. It is a rich, exotic medley. On the high lands near Granada there was another strange meeting :

Up here, under the fortress wall we were alone, save for a boy who was catching birds. He had set two caged sparrows on the grass and surrounded them with traps of lime. The birds sang sweetly, luring the wild ones to their doom. The deep gorge of the Darro lay black in shadow, and sun-slashed terraces rose up to a crest of trees where the slender Alhambra rode on green waves like a ship of fantasy. The sun shone through its upper chambers, giving them the lightness of air; and behind, far off, but sharp as cut paper, the brilliant ranges of the Sierra hung naked in falls of new crisp snow. We finished our wine and stretched in the dreamy heat. From across the valley came the echoes of pedlars, donkeys and slumberous bells, and up from the city the continual sound, like drumming rain, of footsteps, voices, cockerels, and horns.

There have been many good books written about Spain in the last year or two. *A Rose for Winter* will be read not only for its able interpretation of Andalusia but also for its author's exquisite prose.

The novels of Mr. Peter de Polnay

have often seemed to me to promise more than they ultimately give. His second slice of autobiography, *Fools of Choice*, is a strong, vivid book. Without an enormous ration of hope he could not possibly have got through these lean but by no means colourless years.

To begin with, he escaped when he was seventeen from an Edwardian boyhood and went to Patagonia, and remained in South America for two years, on farms, for six days in an American bank, winning (and losing) a small fortune at roulette, volunteering for the Dyott expedition to search for Fawcett, cleaning trams and sleeping in a public park in Sao Paulo. This is the story but it is complicated by the presence of the author's brother who was very brave and also more defenceless than Mr. de Polnay. They could speak six languages but they do not seem to have had the knack of finding the right job and getting on with the people who offered them employment. The author has his problems solved for him when, quite penniless, he received a cable informing him he had been left a handsome legacy. It is impossible to imagine what calamity would have overtaken the brothers if this had not happened. *Fools of Choice* is just another example of the wealth of autobiographical writing at the present time. Mrs. Pearl S. Buck's *My Several Worlds* is in the same category but of a very different kind. Readers of this author's novels, for which she received the Nobel Prize, will expect Mrs. Buck to write about herself with an ironical and sober realism. This is exactly what she has done. When she returned to the United States to find herself famous as the author of *The Good Earth* she was surprised to find that her visit would not be a quiet one:

The dinners, the cocktail parties, the

invitations to see and be seen, to lecture, to give opinions on everything, were mildly interesting in themselves, but what I deeply searched for was not to be found in such activities. I wanted first of all to know my own people, for until I did, I knew that I could not put down roots in my country, and second, I hoped to find a circle of congenial friends in my own field of the arts.

After many years in China it was natural that she should have these feelings, and she was surprised to find that in New York there was no "circle" of literary people in the European or even in the Chinese sense. Mrs. Buck deals with all kinds of topics and people in China and America and her comments are invariably shrewd and sometimes unexpected, as when she contrasts the Chinese with the English sense of smell. On visiting cinemas when she was first in New York she had sometimes to leave before the picture was ended. It was only after a year or so of eating American food that she was able to endure an evening "among my own kind."

Mrs. Buck's conclusions on America's colonial aspirations are highly critical. In her opinion Americans are not empire builders because they do not enjoy the task of ruling. She feels that the American way is best suited to hold allies by mutual benefit and friendship. As a postscript she adds that in spite of dismaying contradictions in individuals in the American national scene, the controlling spirit of the people is generous, decent and sane. Very few outside observers can have a better knowledge of the Chinese than Mrs. Buck and she is able to give some standards of comparison in *My Several Worlds* which could not have been drawn by anyone without her own unique experience.

Mr. G. S. Gale would be the last to claim anything but a reporter's-eye view

for himself. He spent three weeks in China when he went out to report for the *Manchester Guardian* the visit of the British Labour Party delegation and was privileged to observe, generally from a discreet distance the doings of Dr. Summerskill, and perhaps, with even more enthusiasm the efforts of Mr. Aneurin Bevan as he jockeyed for position during the public receptions when, it appears, Mr. Attlee was as predictable as ever. Mr. Gale finished *No Flies in China* four months later. It is an excellent piece of descriptive reporting and it is also a very honest book. Nothing in it, I think, is more saddening than the dismal picture of Shanghai, formerly a great international city, now a sad place where European business men remain waiting for their exit permits, and the river traffic seems to be almost dead. The Communists have applied a deliberate policy of "squeeze."

There are some agreeable moments in Mr. Gale's report, but none more rewarding than the first meeting of the London *Times* correspondent with Dr. Summerskill. It took place at the bottom of a swimming pool in Hangchow. Mr. Gale believes that the Chinese Government and the Communist Party are very powerful and not likely to become less so, and that China herself is also very powerful and likely to become more so. There are now 600 million inhabitants and the population is growing fast. He finds a little consolation in the fact that when China wants to expand she will find the emptiest lands to the west, in Tibet and outer Mongolia and beyond. *No Flies in China* deserves to be widely read, and so do two recently published books about the Soviets by American authors, *The Red Carpet* by Marshall MacDuffie, and *Stalin's Russia and After* by Harrison Salisbury.

Mr. MacDuffie worked with Khrush-

## LIVING UPON HOPE

chev in the Ukraine when he headed the relief mission there immediately after the war. On hearing of Stalin's death he wrote to Khrushchev, saying that he would like to revisit Russia. For months there was no reply, and then, one evening when he was in his New York apartment, a mysterious foreign voice telephoned from Washington to ask if he wanted to go to the Soviet Union. Six weeks later he was in Moscow. A month after he had a "four-hour personal interview with Nikita S. Khrushchev, then Russia's No. 2 man and holder of Stalin's old job as boss of the Soviet Union's Communist Party." Seven years earlier Manuilsky, then Ukrainian Foreign Minister, remarked with some heat to Mr. MacDuffie, "With respect to the United States, you are a great idealist; with respect to the Soviet Union, you are a rough materialist."

In *The Red Carpet* Mr. MacDuffie has obviously taken very great trouble to be fair to the Soviets. In accordance with their most recent policy towards foreigners, there is no doubt that Mr. MacDuffie was given treatment even more privileged than the facilities offered to Mr. Salisbury, who was, after all, a correspondent resident in Moscow and capable of giving infinitely more trouble than someone who came for a month or so. Mr. MacDuffie went where he wanted to go. Besides the great cities he went deep into Central Asia, to Aktyubinsk, Alma-Ata, Tashkent and Samarkand. He detests Communism and likes a great many Russians. He is an indefatigable questioner. He is willing to ask anybody very nearly anything and he usually got some kind of direct answer, even in Russia.

He found, as many others have found before him, that there are two great conflicting currents running through the U.S.S.R. The first is a propaganda-

stimulated but sincere desire for peace. This is held by practically every citizen. The second is factual. It seemed to him that the Soviet Union is an armed camp, "teeming with soldiers." He noticed flocks of jet-fighters over Moscow and Tiflis, at Leningrad and Baku. There is a great air base in the Caucasus. There is also a crude and intense anti-American propaganda campaign. In newspapers, magazines, radio, theatre, even in textbooks, it goes on all the time. In a Kharkov circus two clowns appeared with a long rubber cow, labelled "U.S.A." "This is the longest cow in the world," they explained, "it feeds in Western Europe and gives milk in the United States." When the Russians kept on telling Mr. MacDuffie that they had never attacked another nation, he replied, "How about Finland?" Not at all disconcerted, they answered that Finland had been encouraged by France and England to attack the Soviet Union. They found nothing illogical in the picture of a nation of 4,000,000 people attacking a nation of 200,000,000.

It is possible that the true Russian viewpoint is that expressed on a poster that Mr. MacDuffie read in a clubhouse at Aktyubinsk. It ran:

We are not afraid of any threats of aggression—and we will return double blows against any blow that unleashes a new war.

To sum up, Mr. MacDuffie quotes an encounter he had with an unnamed Englishman in Moscow, at the end of his trip. "What do you think about the Soviet Union now that you've been around it?" Mr. MacDuffie asked him. "Better than most Englishmen think it is," was the answer, "but not nearly so good as most Russians think it is. . . ."

For a tourist *The Red Carpet* is a remarkably full and informative summary. I found it very easy to read.



Mr. Salisbury belongs to the school of rather sentimental reporters who combine personal reminiscence with vivid pictures of world-shaking events. *Stalin's Russia and What Came After* is as readable as *The Red Carpet*, but I did not find it as interesting, although it is in many ways a more skilled and professionally written book.

The author had travelled extensively in Russia in 1944-1945, when he was Moscow correspondent for the United Press. He returned in the spring of 1949 and left finally in 1954 when Malenkov was still in control. His account of the interminable delays, frustrations, and censorship is not enticing. He was a very lonely man during his second visit and that does not tend to make an author give a rosy view of a country wherever it may be. There is no doubting the scrupulous accuracy of Mr. Salisbury's reporting. He is fascinating on the changes of policy which immediately followed Stalin's death. It was on the day of the funeral that he noticed two workmen taking down a huge storey-and-a-half portrait of the great man from the façade of the Hall of Columns, where his body had laid.

"Careful there," one of the workmen shouted.

"Nitchewo . . . Never mind," his comrade snapped back. "They'll not be needing this again."

But that remains to be seen. We live upon hope.

ERIC GILLET.

## WAGES WITHOUT FOUNDATIONS

THE SOCIAL FOUNDATIONS OF WAGE POLICY. By Barbara Wootton. *George Allen & Unwin*. 15s.

THE title of this book means that in the author's view wages are not determined, as are other prices, by supply and demand but by social factors. This conclusion leads her to advocate a govern-

ment policy for wages which should have two objectives—the prevention of inflation and the equalization of earned income.

Of course, everyone has always known that the classical assumptions about the determination of any price through supply and demand would be subject to modification in the real world, and that of all prices, wages were the least likely to conform to pure theory just because of trades unions, wage councils, social conventions, all those phenomena which Mrs. Wootton calls social, but which earlier economists called institutional factors. If these institutional factors are really the more important element in the determination of wages, there are no limits to the effectiveness of government interference. Mrs. Wootton nowhere actually says that they are more important but she everywhere implies it, and this lack of discussion of the relative weighting to be given to economics and sociology means that her thesis appears as doubtful at the end of the book as at the beginning. In a depression trades unions certainly prevent wages from falling as far as they might if the fall in demand were left to operate unchecked; but in a boom are they more than the mechanism through which the inevitable rise takes place? It is the losses which the employers would incur in a boom, the opportunities they would miss by strikes, or even by a refusal to work overtime, which makes them so amenable to trades union pressure. When a shortage of labour has developed, they fear that, in addition, the workers would drift away to other industries and they would never be able to replace them. It is safer to give a 10s. a week rise. But supposing there were two million unemployed? It is quite true that even in these circumstances a variety of pressures from the unions, from public opinion, even from their own view of their responsibilities, will prevent employers, at any rate large employers, from making any attempt to reduce wages, but proposals for increasing them will not be very sympathetically received.

Still more essential is it to retain a firm grasp of the principles of elementary economics in order to understand why one

man  
year  
that  
salar  
But  
rather  
neith  
the p  
expla  
show  
peop  
lawy  
Woo  
prof  
in ea  
incom  
be ex  
kind  
prod  
dispr  
we m  
and v  
few m  
organ  
if th  
cessfu  
the na  
what  
ability  
landl  
could  
and s  
comes  
From  
the or  
Every  
condi  
possib  
result  
assum  
have  
worth  
flation  
cheap  
abroad  
increa  
in this  
deman  
Mrs.  
increa  
theref  
wage  
tivity,



## WAGES WITHOUT FOUNDATIONS

man earns £500 and another £25,000 a year. It is true, as Mrs. Wootton says, that there is a conventional element in the salaries offered for some kinds of work. But the convention operates on the lower rather than on the higher levels, and that neither this nor the monopoly element in the professional organizations is the true explanation of high earned incomes is shown by the different incomes earned by people in the same profession, for example, lawyers and actors. It is curious that Mrs. Wootton does not mention the stage, a profession in which there is great variation in earnings. The fact is that high earned incomes, particularly high salaries, are to be explained only by the scarcity of the kind of ability demanded. Mrs. Wootton produces some inconclusive psychology to disprove this argument. But, as she says, we must get away from academic theories, and we find in the real world that there are few men who can administer a really large organization. We have yet to discover if there are any men who can successfully run an organization as large as the nationalized coal industry. That somewhat old-fashioned concept, the rent of ability, may be useful here. Conceive of a landlord possessing a valuable site which could be moved to any part of the world, and some explanation of high earned incomes will be immediately obvious.

From this book one would gather that the only cause of inflation is rising wages. Everyone would presumably agree that in conditions of full employment it might be possible so to push up wages that inflation resulted. But it seems rather hard to assume that this is what the trades unions have done. It would surely have been worth discussing the other causes of inflation: high Government expenditure, cheap money, inflation imported from abroad. Once a rise in prices starts, wage increases give it a powerful impetus; but in this country, from 1945 at least, wage demands have not been the initial cause. Mrs. Wootton simply assumes that any increase in wages must raise costs and therefore prices; indeed, when she talks of wage claims based on an increase in productivity, she gives to the unwary reader the

impression, which cannot, of course, be correct, that she does not understand if increased wages are related to increased productivity they need not raise costs.

Mrs. Wootton is an unrepentant advocate of the planned economy, and she has little difficulty in proving that it is impossible to have a planned economy without also planning wages. Her actual proposals for a wages policy would seem to produce a most curious result. She suggests that the Government should state at the beginning of any year the amount they consider could be paid in increased wages without causing inflation; and that the increases granted should be divided on the basis that the workers with the lowest wages got the most and that the increases to salaries above, say, £1,000 a year should be tapered off. Incentive is a horrible word, and the author's avoidance of it is understandable, but a system in which the Government announced the sum to be set aside for wage increases and in which those increases would not go to the workers who most increased the national income but to the lowest paid, i.e. to those who presumably made the least contribution, hardly seems likely to raise much enthusiasm. If the Government made a miscalculation prices would rise, and the incomes of those who made the greatest contribution to increased production would actually be reduced.

As has been said, Mrs. Wootton finds no difficulty in proving that a wages policy is essential to a planned economy; she also seems to have proved that a planned economy is incompatible with political democracy.

DIANA SPEARMAN.

### EVIDENCE ON A SAINT

THE RETRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC. By Régine Pernoud, translated by J. M. Cohen. *Methuen*. 16s.

THE Joan of Arc story has a perennial attraction, as M. Anouilh's play, *The Lark*, bears witness. The reason for this appeal lies partly in the sweetness, simplicity and saintliness of Joan's character, but perhaps even more in the problem that

her career presents. Is it possible to explain her achievement as the heroine of the fifteenth-century French resistance movement in human terms at all, or can it only be accounted for on a mystical and religious basis?

However that question may be answered, the materials for the answer are principally to be found in the records of Joan's trial in 1431 and of the process of rehabilitation completed a quarter of a century later. The first of these two sources of information has long been accessible to English readers in W. P. Barrett's *Trial of Jeanne d'Arc*, published in the Broadway Library; but, until the appearance of Mme. Pernoud's book, the second has only been available in a nineteenth-century edition, itself rare, of the original Latin text of the rehabilitation suit. Many who are interested in the problem of the Maid will thus find that the account of the later case, given in the *Retrial of Joan of Arc*, makes important additions to the evidence at their disposal, and they will be especially grateful to Mme. Pernoud for setting out so much of that evidence in a direct form and letting the witnesses in the rehabilitation suit speak for themselves.

The material in this book, of course, is not without its own difficulties—which are perhaps sometimes greater than the author allows. The evidence given at the retrial cannot always be accepted at its face value or uncritically, for long before it was given Joan had become a legend, with an annual procession in her honour at Orléans from 1435 onwards. Moreover, her cause was so closely bound up with that of Charles VII that the King was especially anxious to secure her posthumous rehabilitation. Thus, although the case was tried by the ecclesiastical authorities, it inevitably took on something of the appearance of a war crimes trial in reverse, and a verdict adverse to Joan was unthinkable. Again, the evidence lacks the striking directness of that at the first trial: for one thing the witnesses were remembering events of a quarter of a century previous, for another there is absent the testimony—so telling in the

proceedings of 1431—of Joan herself.

Nevertheless, the details of the retrial leave little doubt in one's mind as to the irregularities in procedure, and the unfairness in intent, that had characterized the original trial: Joan's principal judge, Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, had been a creature of the English, and her condemnation a political necessity for them.

As to her character and career, the rehabilitation suit brings out two points very clearly. Firstly, Mme. Pernoud notes the frequent use in the depositions about Joan of the word gladly (*libenter*), and she is no doubt right in describing this joyousness, based as it was in good disposition and moral soundness, as Joan's most precious trait. Second, the magnitude of Joan's military talents and achievement is underlined, especially significant in this connection being the testimony of Thibault d'Armagnac, of the "gentle" Duke of Alençon, and of the bastard son of Louis of Orléans, Dunois, who had fought alongside her and had made one of the two serious attempts to free her from captivity. Describing her conduct at Troyes, the last-named said: "The positions that she took up were so admirable that even the two or three most famous and experienced captains would not have made as good a plan of battle."

Joan apart, the book has much of interest to tell of Frenchmen of her age. The judges at the retrial took evidence from the neighbours who had known Joan as a child, from soldiers with whom she had campaigned, from clerks and jurists who had been present at her trial. Together these witnesses form a cross-section of French society of the time: Mme. Pernoud has enabled us to get a little closer to the people of an interesting and formative period.

H. E. BELL.

#### PRINCE OF TOPOGRAPHERS

A STRANGER IN SPAIN. By H. V. Morton. Methuen & Co., 1955. xii + 374 pages. 18s.

MR. MORTON has written a most attractive book about Spain, skilfully blending his own experiences with

*Wherever you go—*

*you'll find*

*Ford '5-Star' Dealer Service*

**Ford** OF DAGENHAM



observations on the life, art, and history of the country back to Roman times. His style is lucid and pleasing without being ornate. Only very occasionally is his narrative marred by the misuse of *who* and *whom*, or by the introduction of an illogical sentence such as "Not one of her five children was born in the same town." The only other criticism that one can reasonably make of his style is that (surprisingly in so practised a writer) he has no idea of the correct use of the exclamation mark, which he uses to draw attention to what he considers noteworthy statements. On the other hand—and to those who are familiar with his previous works this remark may appear superfluous—Mr. Morton rigorously eschews Americanisms and journalese, for which his readers will be grateful.

Mr. Morton is not one of those writers who seize the opportunity provided by a book of foreign travel to deplore English life in general and English cookery in particular. It is refreshing to find some-

one who will write frankly that "as everywhere on the Continent, the Spanish breakfast is a shameful affair. . . . In hotels, the visitor is served with the usual deplorable French breakfast." He had met only one Spaniard, he says, who ate a real breakfast: "Unlike most of his countrymen, he would not slink into bars and restaurants and eat shrimps all morning or stave off starvation with bits of cheese."

At the same time, Mr. Morton is very ready to give credit where credit is due. He is most willing, for instance, to praise the Spaniards for their attitude towards alcohol. "The Spanish sense of human dignity," he writes, "rules out intoxication, neither is drink idealized and advertised as in Anglo-Saxon countries, nor is a drinker assumed to be a good fellow." Time after time, and for page after page, he pays tribute to the greatness of Spain, the country which has produced such wonderfully varied characters as the Cid, Philip II, St. Teresa, and Ignatius Loyola; such adventurers as Pizarro and Cortes; such writers as Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderón, and St. John of the Cross; such artists as Velazquez and Goya; such buildings as the Escorial and the cathedrals of Burgos, Toledo, and Seville; which lived through "those eight centuries of Arab and Moorish civilization which are Spain's unique experience in Europe" and produced the Alhambra and the mosque of Cordova.

A striking feature of *A Stranger in Spain* is the author's humanity, which pervades the book from beginning to end. To him, the Prado is a place where "all day long people pass before figures of the past, gaze up from their catalogues and pass on, without the slightest idea that they have looked into the eyes of human tragedy and failure." His humanity stretches beyond the royal and distinguished Spaniards whose portraits he saw in the Prado. It extends to human beings in the humblest walks of life and also to animals—to the wretched horses, for instance, used as victims in the bull-fight: "poor, terrified old crows, black with sweaty fear," condemned (despite the

## SHAKA ZULU

The Rise of the Zulu Empire

E. A. Ritter

The astonishing career of Shaka, the Zulu Caesar described in full detail by an author who was reared among the Zulus, learning their word-of-mouth history and legend in intricate detail. This early knowledge was later supplemented by Mr. Ritter's researches and his intense personal study of the Zulu rites and traditions. Illustrated. 21s. net.

LONGMANS

## *A Stranger in Spain*

much-vaunted padding which they wear) to a horrid death as "the end and reward of a lifetime of service to Man."

Nor does he forget the donkeys which are so constant a feature of the Spanish scene. In England, the donkey is regarded merely as a joke. Even G. K. Chesterton saw it as nothing more than

"The devil's walking parody

Of all four-footed things;"

but Mr. Morton's observations and sympathy go deeper. He tells us how he stood by a fountain and watched women and girls filling their water jars; "and donkeys with wooden saddles on their backs would come and lower their gentle faces to the water."

In his last chapter Mr. Morton records his visit to Barcelona, "a city that was trading with Tyre and Sidon when the tides of the Thames were lapping against a deserted Ludgate Hill." He ascribes some of the differences between Catalonia and the rest of Spain to the fact that "while the rest of Spain fought the Moslems for eight hundred years, Barcelona was occupied by them for only eighty-eight years." The city, he says, will remain among his happiest memories of Spain. He never tired of walking round the market, "delighted by the easy good manners of the market people and their sense of beauty—of the beauty of common things."

Mr. Morton is a prince of topographers and has never written a better book than *A Stranger in Spain*.

F. BRITAIN.

## *NOSCE TE IPSUM*

THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL.  
Edited and translated by Robert  
Sage. Gollancz. 25s.

THE chief fascination of Stendhal's private diaries is that they show us, in a marvellous confusion of detail caught on the wing, how genius assembles its materials and fashions itself out of the rough matrix of the man. They also compose, in the strict sense of a much-misused term, one of the most subversive documents ever penned, since they show a temperament quietly but ruthlessly kicking over all the traces imposed by

## 3 *books on Africa*

### **Zambesi River**

J. F. MACDONALD

Not only a vivid geographical study, but also a detailed social and historical description of life along the banks of one of the most romantic rivers in the world. There are eight magnificent plates.

18s.

★

### **Fitz**

*The Story of Sir Percy Fitzpatrick*

J. P. R. WALLIS

Prospector, transport-rider, Chairman of Rand Mines, political arbitrator—'Fitz' was not only a man of action but, as author of *Jock of The Bushveld*, a man of letters. His story is set in the most tumultuous period in South African history.

Illustrated. 21s.

★

### **African Crossroads**

SIR CHARLES  
DUNDAS

A graceful and witty account of forty years spent in the Colonial Service in Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, and Northern Rhodesia. Illustrated.

18s.

**MACMILLAN**



normal *bien-pensant* society in the passionate and all-absorbing task of self-realization. Few writers have discovered themselves with anything like the same completeness and fidelity to passing mood (Gide is the obvious modern parallel), but it is the nature of Stendhal's later achievement as a novelist that gives these pages their special fascination. For the young Henri Beyle, rushing from Grenoble to Paris like an eager young colt at the first glimpse of fresh green pastures (over-eager, in fact, for he chokes as often as he swallows in trying to cram down the rich feast of new sensations and impressions), is the prototype of all the heroes of the later novels.

The diaries cover a span of roughly thirteen years, from April 1801 to July 1814. Beyle had arrived in Paris on the morrow of Bonaparte's *coup d'état* at Saint-Cloud; he had later followed the French troops into Lombardy; and when the diary begins, he had already been serving for some time as a sub-lieutenant in the Army of Italy. At its close, he was again preparing to leave for the Italy which he had come to regard as the only true country of his heart, and his whole career as a writer still lay ahead. The formative period of his life is thus neatly contained within the twin points of Napoleon's rise to power and the collapse of the Empire, which brought with it the collapse of Beyle's personal fortunes and hopes of preferment. From this fact, as Thibaudet has pointed out, a curious paradox arises. Had the Empire lasted, it is highly probable that Beyle would have published nothing, and that his fame, like that of Saint-Simon, would have rested solely on the discovery of his posthumous papers. As it is, he is pre-eminently the novelist of the Napoleonic epoch, not only in his choice of materials, but because, more than any other writer, he embodies that prodigious rush of fresh energies which the Revolution had released in the French people.

Thus, a further part of the fascination of these diaries is their vivid demonstration of how much remains incalculable in any human destiny. No one could have

been more *gauche* and timid than the young Beyle on his first arrival in Paris, no one less sure of how best to employ his talent; the only thing he felt with burning conviction was that the talent itself was real. At the outset, he had set himself two ambitions: to become a great "comic bard," the worthy successor to Molière, and a redoubtable "seducer of women." The first ambition was doomed to frustration, but it took him more than a decade to acknowledge defeat, and for years on end he laboured at the task of polishing intractable alexandrines. Nor can it be said that, in his early career at least, he was much more successful in his second aim; and there is something endearingly ridiculous in this spectacle of the young man continually crying *o altitudo* at the sight of a pretty face, yet falling into a hot, stammering confusion at the moment of execution. He would have liked to see himself as a reckless Valmont, but certain reiterated entries betray him: "Will she love me?", "I need a woman with a lofty soul."

It is easy to laugh at these early misfortunes, and at the naïve posturings and boastings by which, in the candid intimacy of his diary, Beyle compensated for them; and thereby, perhaps, to forget how essential a preparation they were for his novels. For Stendhal is above all the poet of awakening passion, of the first skirmishes of love, the frantic pulse-beats between rapture and despair: these, rather than the placid calms of fulfilment, are his theme. And it is again this quality that makes him the most faithful witness to a society in rapid evolution. Throughout the diaries, the complexity and subtlety of the observation constantly deepen, a series of probing roots thrust down into every stratum of society. Italy was his first and last love, but he spent varying periods of service in Germany and Austria, as well as accompanying Napoleon to Moscow, and enduring many of the hardships of the disastrous retreat. He even earned official praise for his part in the latter campaign. He was no doubt efficient, and might ultimately

## Nosce te Ipsum

have gained the Prefecture on which he had once set his heart. But the great design crumbled: and happily for "the few" who have now become posterity in general, he was free to concentrate the whole of his passionate lucidity in another field.

Mr. Robert Sage has succeeded admirably in reducing the vast bulk of the original diaries to a manageable size for the general reader, filling the gaps with extracts from Stendhal's letters, and linking the whole with a biographical commentary which supplies all the essential background.

ERIK DE MAUNY.

## Novels

THE ORACLES. Margaret Kennedy.  
*Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.

TEMPTATION FOR A KING. John H. Secondari. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 12s. 6d.

THE CONE-GATHERERS. Robin Jenkins.  
*Macdonald.* 10s. 6d.

OVER THE WALL. R. H. Mottram.  
*Hutchinson.* 9s. 6d.

THE SUN IN EXILE. Dymphna Cusack.  
*Constable.* 12s. 6d.

THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE. David Wagoner. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d.

IN a great storm, brilliantly described, lightning strikes a garden-chair into what is mistaken (its sculptor-owner has disappeared) for a modernist Apollo, by a group of pseudo-artists who instantly want it bought for their West Country town. This is really the mainspring of *The Oracles*, which, however, is in truth as delicate, complicated, smooth-running and delectable as a fine clock. The stories of the sculptor himself; of his and his best friend's children; of the young lawyer and his attractive (or was she?) wife—perhaps the central theme: these are all interwoven, all affected by the Apollo, all seen against the amusing background of the City. This is a kindly book; it laughs, it does not sneer. It holds a balance between the feckless and the

## The Narrow Smile

Peter Mayne

Author of "The Alleys of Marrakesh"

A vital picture of the North-west Frontier of Pakistan. "Eminently topical . . . enchanting in its portraits and landscapes."  
—Raymond Mortimer in *The Sunday Times*.

Illustrated 18s net

## The Cretan Runner

George Psychoundakis

Translated by  
Patrick Leigh Fermor

"The book has at once the calm of a race which takes it for granted that life is full of death, and the excitement of a fighter who wildly enjoys his own share in the dangerous business."—*The Sunday Times*.

Illustrated 18s net

## Ventures in Diplomacy

William Phillips

An important picture of American diplomacy in action as seen from the inside by a man who saw it happen. The author began his career in 1903 and was serving 40 years later as General Eisenhower's adviser at SHAEF.

Illustrated 21s net

## A Key to Old Houses

Hampden Gordon

For the reader who is attracted by old houses and who would welcome a simple and lucid account of the so-called "Period" styles, and the place of the famous architects, garden-designers and craftsmen in the evolution of the English home.

Illustrated 10s 6d net

JOHN MURRAY

realists, and finds some excuse even for the palpable frauds; whilst it evinces the author's accustomed understanding both of art and of artists. If I say that it is particularly happy in its presentation of the waifs of children, I do not mean to suggest that its adults are weak by comparison. I enjoyed the book more with every page that I turned, and I had the good luck to turn them with aspen-leaves twinkling overhead in sunshine and breeze.

As one brought up on *The King's Mirror* I embarked with some doubt upon *Temptation for a King*. But it does not seek to challenge Anthony Hope. For the most part John Secundari is less concerned with the character of his King Julius (living in plebiscite-induced exile in Italy) and his views of kingship than with the excitements and intrigues consequent on an offer to him to return to his throne. This introduces not only the King's unpleasant brother and reckless, charming sister, but also the honest old Republican who brings the invitation, and the American radio-man who—well, can he agree to keep his knowledge to himself, even for a moment, when there is also a newspaper-man on the spot? This is built into an interesting, exciting situation, with a crisis that perhaps is reached a shade too quickly; for there is some sense of anticlimax, heightened by the failure of Julius's public declaration to attain the level that the book is bound to claim for it. Another weakness is the distraction due to over-attention to the side-issue of the entry of an American girl-neophyte into journalism. But as a whole the book comes off well, with its Ruritania-in-modern-dress—and the modern manner.

Next, an artfully simple story in an unusual setting. Away on Lady Runcie-Campbell's estates the two McPhees, one a gentle hunchback, both simple of heart, come to climb trees and gather cones for the Forestry Commission. For the cripple, keeper Duror out of his own misfortunes conceives a black hatred. He conducts a vendetta against the *Cone-gatherers* that not even the boy-

heir can check. A storm leads to the final breach between the McPhees and the Estate, and so to the suspense of a tragic climax. Robin Jenkins is a gifted writer, capable of feeling and conveying both anger and its corollary pity, able to make the reader know the book's characters and see its scenery and accept its curious violence, and so to enthral him.

R. H. Mottram brings us, of course, to a more familiar, Norfolk, scene. To his Easthampton comes (from Australia?) young Baxter to pay a debt owed by his dead father to a very old woman. She too dies, and the mission becomes a quest for the father's past and for a fitting memorial and also, on and off, for the hand of the daughter of a great Norfolk house. I never quite got on terms with the story. It may be that Mr. Mottram knows his countryside too well for the rest of us. He certainly tends to expect a great deal of his readers—to imagine and create for themselves the poetry which he is sure lives in his pages. There is also in *Over the Wall* the constructional difficulty that there is no essential unity in the three themes which it develops.

An established authoress, with her own reason for hating colour-prejudice, tells, with her natural emphases, the story of Vicky, a brilliant young Australian artist who marries a West African. The tale is set partly in a liner crossing the Pacific and the Caribbean, partly in London, and ends with the two "children of the sun" being "exiled of their own choice from everything but their own hearts." The story is very well told, but it is a question whether the author does not overweight the scales by making the friends of prejudice so very brutish. She might disclaim any propagandist purpose, and argue that she has given *The Sun in Exile* only the necessities of drama. But her theme makes it hard even to seem objective. With it, however, if you write as capably as Dymphna Cusack, you cannot go far wrong; for the reader is bound to be intellectually (if not emotionally) on the side of the angels.

A very ordinary little man, crippled

## Novels

by a train-accident and now watchman at a level-crossing near Chicago, sees an attempt to murder a woman on a passing train. This leads to his pursuit by two toughs and his stupid and futile efforts to get clear of trouble. The dazed nightmare of his flight and grotesque adventures is vigorously conveyed, sometimes with masterly vividness; but for the English reader it is terribly confusing. The underlying "politics" are as alien as this Chicago. I emerged from *The Man in the Middle* rather exhausted (partly perhaps because its excitements are more repetitive than cumulative), but aware that David Wagoner has in him the vision and power to surmount the obstacles of unfamiliar setting when he applies himself to that task.

MILWARD KENNEDY.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**T**HE *Prevention of Cruelty to Children* (Cape, 28s.) is, as Octavia Hill truly said, not a question of class, but of character. Dr. Leslie Housden's book deserves the widest possible public, because he writes from exceptional knowledge and temperately about the horrors perpetrated at the expense of children in our own day. The important third section gives practical proposals for the general improvement which should not be delayed a minute longer than is necessary. I recommend this book strongly to anyone interested in the well-being of British children.

\* \* \*

The war was the cause of several excellent books about the resistance movement in Crete. Mr. Patrick Leigh Fermor, who was one of its leaders, has just translated and written an admirable introduction to the most original of these works, *The Cretan Runner* (Murray, 18s.). It is by George Psychoundakis, a former gallant comrade-in-arms. It is especially interesting because it gives a Cretan's view of various British officers with whom he lived and fought. A most unusual and arresting work.

## Books to come

### The Problem of the Picts

edited by F. T. WAINWRIGHT An authoritative contribution, each chapter by an expert, on the never-ending discussion about the Picts—their life, language, background, and what finally became of them.

illustrated

2 15

### The Dark Ages

by W. P. KER The centenary of the author's birth this August affords an opportunity of reissuing this great history of European literature from the fifth century to the Renaissance, hailed on publication as a work of genius. 1 55

### The Letters of John of Salisbury

Volume 1: *The Early Letters*

edited by C. N. L. BROOKE These letters covering the time of anarchy caused by the Civil War between Stephen and Matilda, nominally written by Archbishop Theobald, all bear the imprint of John of Salisbury's lively genius.

Nelson's Medieval Texts

3 05

### A History of India

by J. C. POWELL-PRICE From the earliest times to the present. 'The author,' says *The Listener*, 'handles his complex subject with a clarity and precision which enables the general reader to find his way through the maze of dynasties and races.'

illustrations and maps published

4 25

**NELSON**

## THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Mr. Henry Tegner is a sportsman of catholic tastes. Foxhunting, bird catching, trout and sea fishing are among them. In *A Border County* (Hale, 16s.) he gives a fascinating survey of wild life in the region, he passes easily from seals to sea coal, and from puffins to ravens. The illustrations are worthy of the book.

\* \* \*

The greatest depth of the ocean, off Japan, is over six and a half miles. In *2,000 Fathoms Down in the Bathyscape* (Hamish Hamilton and Hart-Davis, 18s.) Commander Houot and Lieutenant Willm of the French Navy describe how they have descended into the sea's depths, further than anyone else. Off Dakar they went down two and a half miles. A lively, fascinating book.

\* \* \*

New Zealand has often been called an angler's paradise. Mr. G. B. Hobbs gives

a delightful account of his experiences, primarily with trout, in *Fisherman's Country* (Bles, 18s.). From his knowledge of more restricted fishing in Great Britain he is able to make useful comparisons of trout behaviour, fishing techniques, and relevant entomology.

\* \* \*

In *The Alleys of Marrakesh* Mr. Peter Mayne showed himself to be an accomplished travel guide. His second book, *The Narrow Smile* (Murray, 18s.) is more accomplished and ambitious. During the war Mr. Mayne spent four years among the Pathans. Now he describes a return visit to them in 1953, in which he took in Peshawar and Kabul, and found that his earlier pleasant impressions were greatly strengthened.

\* \* \*

*Churchill, His Life in Photographs* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 25s.) has been edited by Randolph S. Churchill and Helmut Gernsheim. It is a magnificent and most impressive record on nearly 400 pictures of Sir Winston's life. Mr. Churchill's accompanying text is economical and helpful.

\* \* \*

The blend of personal observation and travel offered by Mr. Cecil Roberts has proved acceptable to numerous readers in half a dozen volumes. His latest, *Portal to Paradise* (Hodder and Stoughton, 20s.) is as nostalgically glamorous as ever, and should be as popular.

\* \* \*

In selecting twenty tales for his anthology, *A Hundred Years of Sea Stories* (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) Lt.-Cdr. P. K. Kemp apologizes for omitting an example of the work of W. W. Jacobs. It is, however, an interesting personal selection, and it includes a good Victorian discovery, "The Robinson Crusoe of the Polar Regions."

\* \* \*

The standards of descriptive reporting are higher to-day than they have ever been.

### *The National and English Review*

Make sure of your copy of THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW each month by placing an order with your newsagent.

CUT OUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT AND HAND TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

PLEASE supply me each month with THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Name .....

Address .....

(Block letters please)



Books in Brief

No one excels Miss Rebecca West in this exacting medium. Her new book, *A Train of Powder* (Macmillan, 21s.) gives various sinister manifestations of our harassed world, ranging from the Nuremberg trial to the pathetic case of William Marshall. It is all brilliantly done.

\* \* \*

In a most happily selected anthology of the works of *Kierkegaard* (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) Mr. W. H. Auden maintains that though Kierkegaard's writings are often poetic and philosophic, he was, in fact, a preacher, an expounder of Christian doctrine and conduct. An admirable selection.

\* \* \*

*The Day Lincoln was Shot* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 18s.) is an hour-by-hour reconstruction of the day when the President was assassinated. A vivid, moving book.

\* \* \*

It is, perhaps, natural that in *The Way to Ilala* (Longmans, 25s.), the Emeritus Professor of Geography at Cambridge should lay emphasis on the fact that David Livingstone was not only a missionary and liberator, but also the most remarkable geographer of his time. Professor Frank Debenham has written a most readable and scholarly work.

\* \* \*

The 14th Century anchoress, *Juliana of Norwich* (Gollancz, 15s.) has claims to be considered the first English woman of letters. Mr. F. Franklin Chambers has just brought out a careful interpretative anthology with a useful introductory appreciation.

\* \* \*

The attempt on K2, second highest mountain in the world, (Collins, 25s.) by an ill-fated American expedition in 1953 is the theme of a fascinating book by Charles Houston and Robert Bates.

\* \* \*

Dr. Ion Ferguson, described by one of

ABOUT NEWS LETTERS

News letters are the oldest form of journalism. Hand-written news letters were in wide circulation during the reign of Elizabeth I, and, indeed, were important factors in politics long before that. Modern news letters are in wide use amongst advanced students of world affairs, large business houses, in Government and diplomatic circles, and at military colleges and universities. Britain's leading news letters are subscribed to by over forty official agencies of the U.S. Government alone. Official agencies of every leading Government subscribe to them. The news letter is based on a special form of reporting. It is outspoken in its presentation. It publishes all the facts, theories and trends behind international policy. Privately circulated, neither accepting advertisements nor bothered by news-stall circulation problems, the 20th century news letter is a private communication to its subscribers. Britain's top circulation news letters are prepared and published by

The Kenneth de Courcy Group

- World Politics  
*Intelligence Digest* ... 60s. per annum.  
Investment and Finance  
*The Weekly Review* ... 210s. per annum.  
Scientific News  
*World Science Review* 30s. per annum.

Do you take a news letter? If not, send for a free specimen copy. No responsible person can afford to be without one of the leading private news letters. If you do not take our services, then there are others. But a news letter is an essential service, without which one's knowledge of world trends is not complete.

To : The Editor, NER/2  
Alderbourne Manor,  
Gerrard's Cross, Bucks.

Please send details and specimen copy (free of charge) of :

1. *Intelligence Digest* ☐  
2. *World Science Review* ☐  
3. *The Weekly Review* ☐

Name .....

Address .....

Date .....

Signature.....

## THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

his Commanding Officers as a "trouble maker," tells the varied and exciting story of his experiences as M.O. in the Army, Royal Navy, and R.A.F. in *Doctor at War* (Johnson, 15s.). A meeting with Bader in Colditz and a journey with repatriated lunatics through Europe are among them.

The biography of *Clara Novello*, 1818-1908 (Bles, 18s.) by Averil Mackenzie-Grieve, is a delightful, well-told account of the great *prima donna*, who knew Lamb, Keats, and Chopin, married an Italian nobleman, and lived long enough to express her disapproval of the music of Debussy.

Aided by excellent photographs, Miss Ethel Mannin writes about her 1954 tour of Burma in *Land of the Crested Lion* (Jarrolds, 16s.). She is lively and courageous as ever. In less serious mood Mr.

Rodney Begg, a journalist, describes some Tanganyikan post-war experiences in *Lightest Africa* (Hurst and Blackett, 12s. 6d.). A pleasant, unpretentious record.

In *The Flag in the Wind* (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.) Dr. John MacCormick tells the story of the National Movement in Scotland. Spirited and discursive.

*The Wirral Peninsula* (Hale, 18s.) by Norman Ellison, gives a helpful account of this charming but now rather suburbanized region. *The Basque Country* (Putnam, 18s.) describes usefully this "land without boundaries." Both are well illustrated.

Mr. Hallam Tennyson writes of the Indian Vinoba Bhave's astonishing land crusade in *Saint on the March* (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.). Vinoba has already acquired nearly four million acres from wealthy landlords for redistribution to the poor. His movement is of extraordinary importance to the future of India.

E. G.

### Financial

## MARKET REVIEW

By LOMBARDO

THE year which ended in April was the most active for the Stock Exchange since the war. The *Financial Times* ordinary share index rose forty-three points to 181.9, and the market valuation of all quoted securities rose from £30,503 million to £33,796 million. Since the end of the financial year in April, the market value of the leading equities has increased by 16 per cent., mainly due to price rises since the middle of May.

June has been an amazing month in stock markets. It opened with a railway strike in full swing, a dock strike in some ports, and the threat of factories and steelworks being forced to close through non-delivery of essential raw materials. There were red lights on the road to warn

### NEW CHAPTERS

in the life story of Britain's  
leading Horsewoman

A series of exclusive articles by

**PAT SMYTHE**

begins in the July number of

**YOUNG  
ELIZABETHAN**

Two Shillings monthly or 26/- per year post free

**ORDER NOW FROM**

Periodical Publications Ltd.

2 Breems Buildings

London E.C.4

## MARKET REVIEW

investors, but they were ignored. The traffic would not wait for the amber lights, it went straight ahead, and the foot of the investor came down, not on the brake, but on the accelerator. The traffic has increased and the pressure to buy has made the speed of the rise in share prices in some sections of the market so great that steady drivers on the road of investment have been shaking their heads and making remarks about the dangers of recklessness. High-powered American cars have been on the British roads, as I explained last month, and when they join the buying traffic the pace becomes hotter.

Since the end of May, when the prospect of at least four years of Conservative finance engendered a new outlook, everyone interested in investment has been asking "are we in a bull market?" The question implies the possibility of such prosperity in trade and industry that profits—and dividends—will increase so steadily that investors can pay high prices now because future rewards will justify their patience. The company reports which were published in June gave encouragement to those who argued that profits would increase, and that, in an inflationary world, the only sensible place for savings is in good class equities.

As the rise in prices continued many stockholders found themselves looking at considerable "paper profits," and, inevitably, thoughts of realizing some of them were translated into questions to their brokers. "I have a very large profit on my holding of so-and-so, which I have held for several years; do you think I should take it, and if so, what should I do with the money?" What, indeed! The answer to this sort of question has kept brokers busy, and slide-rules and statistical cards have been in constant use in calculating yields and the prospects of future prosperity of commercial and industrial companies. At the beginning of June there was the danger that the Chancellor might give a "tug on the reins" if the information available to Whitehall indicated that it was necessary. Bank rate might be raised. So the cautious waited with some anxiety on the first two Thurs-

days of the month, and saw "No Change" with relief.

By that time investors had the bit between their teeth. Mr. Butler can't stop industry expanding, it was argued, and he shouldn't want to curb the progress, anyway: blow the Bank Rate, blow Mr. Butler, buy equities. The remarks of Mr. Gaitskell in the economic debate in the House of Commons about a Stock Exchange boom "which they could expect under a Tory Government," and his assertion that labour unrest would be a natural consequence, made no impression on the market. The Chancellor's reply at the end of the debate gave no reason to doubt a steady progress in industry—provided production continued to increase.

In the Chancellor's proviso lies the answer to the question whether we are entering a long-term bull market. Inflation must be supported by rising production, or it will lead eventually to a crisis. The optimism which has gripped investors



### Portal to Paradise

CECIL ROBERTS

"An admirable book, immensely readable, entertaining, informative and elegant in its own individual way." *Sphere*

Illustrated 20/- net

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

and carried the share price levels so high will be proved ill-founded if the rise in production falters.

There are other factors of which account must be taken. We shall hear more of them as we get nearer to next year's Budget. The extent of Government spending, for example, and the swingeing taxes on company profits. But for the present there is no argument to dim the view that the only way to preserve the value of your money is to buy equities. Even the cautious investment advisers, who have long experience of the ups and downs of the market, are inclined to accept the post-Election rise in prices as the initial stages of a long-term bull market.

As we go to press the May trade statistics are available. They make encouraging reading. They emphasize that the balance of payments trouble at the beginning of the year was due to our imports of food, which were heavy because of diminution in home supplies, owing to a bad harvest. Re-stocking of foodstuffs when world prices were against us apparently accounted for the major part of the rise in the imports in the first quarter of the year. Britain's total food imports were smaller in May this year than in May last year, in spite of the rise in consumption and the end of rationing.

The imports of industrial materials diminished also, which is exactly what the Chancellor intended when he gave a "tug on the reins." It is now evident that the increase of about £10 million in May this year compared with May 1954, is accounted for by imports of coal and steel, neither of which the Government intended to curb. Most cheering to the Chancellor is the fact that imports from the dollar area during April-May dropped by over 25 per cent., and there has been an increase in exports to that area.

This news will support the view that the nation's trade is expanding and production increasing, and that the industrial background for a bull market in the Stock Exchange is beyond dispute. For many the statistics were unnecessary because they had made up their minds already, but if the more cautious can read into their first quarter's figures a definite trend,

which the dock strike could upset only temporarily, then share prices will continue their rise more firmly than ever, and yields will matter less than hopes of future benefits.

The search for companies capable of taking advantage of new inventions, expanding markets and changing public demands will continue. In the field of electronics, atomic power, rail, road and building, investors have been busy making their choice of companies. The price of the shares of such leading firms as A.E.I., Babcock and Wilcox, Elliott Bros., Rey-solte, C. A. Parsons, and the steel companies, has climbed steadily, and those of some of the less well known concerns are being bought for the prospects of expansion. The demand has spread, and Rolls-Royce, for example, has risen over 115s. from a low point of 73s. this year. If the argument that the expansion of production will continue and a bull market is being established, then such a price for such a share is not too high. Especially as Rolls-Royce is an important dollar earner. The list of well-covered higher yields, however, is diminishing rapidly.

It is difficult to resist the belief that, as Mr. Lewis Whyte, a leading chartered accountant, has written, we have crossed the Great Divide and have entered 'the Fertile Plains.' The source, conversion, transmission and utilization of material energy are the elements of any economy, he argues, and as they are the key to industrial expansion, companies concerned with them provide some of the most promising growth investments. The market's behaviour certainly suggests that investors agree with his argument.

Perhaps we are entering a phase of world readjustment such as was brought about by the invention of the steam engine. The unexpectedly rapid advance made in the production and utilization of atomic power—more rapid than the experts thought possible a year ago—and the wonders of the electronic computer, have opened up vistas that give a glimpse into a new world. Investors may well be justified in buying with an eye on the Fertile Plains.

LOMBARDO.

# RECORD REVIEW

## Orchestral

THE first performance of Shostakovich's *Tenth Symphony* (E minor) in this country was given two months ago in London and is now available in recorded form, played by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York under their permanent conductor, Dimitri Mitropoulos. Performance and recording are both extremely good, and I found the symphony continuously interesting, often beautiful and, in the very brief scherzo (placed as the second movement), very exciting. The long and discursive first movement is held, in Russia, to depict the tragedy of a lonely man fighting against evil; and, though the composer rejects this view, there is no doubt at all about the tragic character of the movement. The scherzo is a barbaric outburst, brilliantly scored, after which the tension relaxes and, as one critic saw it, the composer, in the last two movements, gradually escapes into "the happiness of childhood, for it is only childhood that permits the dwelling once again in personal, non-political emotions." I myself prefer to hear the music without adverting to political considerations: and on purely musical grounds this symphony seems to me to fulfil the promise of the composer's first one more than any others of the subsequent seven, all of which are more uneven (Philips ABL3052). Both Philips and H.M.V. have recorded Prokofiev's *Seventh Symphony* (C sharp); Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Philips ABR4034), Malko and the Philharmonia Orchestra (H.M.V. CLP1044). This work, composed in 1952, poses no problems. It is cheerful, humorous, lyrical and altogether enjoyable. I prefer, on balance, the H.M.V. disc (a twelve-inch) but both performances are admirable and equally well recorded. Malko adds the *Classical Symphony* in his remaining space, but though it is well performed the conductor is inclined to over-play it and, by choosing too quick tempos, to sacrifice some of its grace and wit. This being so, some readers may incline to the Philips ten-inch disc of the "7th."



At the Westminster Bank they maintain, for the convenience of customers who do not employ the services of an accountant, an Income Tax Department which many have found to be helpful. The existence of such expert services as this is one of the many reasons why . . .

**It is better to bank  
with  
the Westminster**

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED



## THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra give a warmly felt and highly enjoyable performance of Rachmaninov's *Second Symphony* (E minor) on Capitol CTL7085, a work that contains a full measure of the best features of this composer's music, and Beecham is at his great best in Dvořák *Symphonic Variations* (a work full of happy invention, lovely scoring, and with a great melodic appeal) and Balakirev's symphonic poem *Thamar*, a piece dear to Sir Thomas's heart. The recording is good, but not "high-fi" (to use the current jargon), a fact that bothers me not at all (Philips ABL3047).

Malcolm Arnold takes a high place among the few composers writing good light music to-day and I was very pleased to find that eight of his *English Dances* have at last been recorded, by Boult and the L.P.O. Vividly scored, full of exhilarating and most charming tunes, this music is as refreshing as the flowers that bloom in the spring (Decca LW5166).

### THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

(Periodical Publications Limited)

The Editor will gladly consider articles submitted to him in typescript for publication, with the author's name and address on the front page; but authors should retain duplicate copies, as no responsibility is undertaken for the return of rejected contributions. Stamped addressed envelopes must be enclosed.

Editorial, Advertisement and Publishing  
Offices :  
2 Breems Buildings, London, E.C.4.  
Tel.: Holborn 5708

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION  
TWENTY-FOUR SHILLINGS

POSTAGE INLAND & OVERSEAS 3d.

### Chamber Music

Members of the Vienna Octet give us the best performance to date of Mozart's ineffably lovely *Clarinet Quintet* (with A. Boskovsky as clarinetist). The tempi are well chosen, the team work is excellent, the recording admirable (Decca LXT5032).

### Instrumental

Good as was Valenti's performance of Bach's *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue* on Nixa LLP8047 (together with two of the Toccatas) it is now surpassed by the more imaginative playing of George Malcolm, with less heavy registration, and better recorded harpsichord tone (it sounds like one of Thomas Goff's wonderful instruments). Mr. Malcolm also includes a most enjoyable performance of the *Italian Concerto* on this desirable disc (Decca LW5170).

Gieseking has recorded the various *Caprices, Fantasies, Intermezzi* and *Rhapsodies* of Brahms's, op. 76, 79, 116, 118 and 119, on Columbia 33CX1255-6. He is at his best in the lyrical pieces, far less good in the boisterous or dramatic ones; he seems to me to underplay the drama of the last Intermezzo of op. 118, one of the composer's finest pieces. The recording is uniformly good and there is much to admire here, but these are emphatically discs to be heard before purchase, so as to be sure this is the kind of Brahms playing you like.

Thurston Dart continues his series *Masters of Early English Keyboard Music* on London OL50076, selecting this time a number of pieces for organ (Snetzler) and harpsichord (Goff) by only two composers, Byrd and Tomkins. The result is a rare delight for the recording is absolutely first-rate, the music lovely, the playing that of a fine scholar and stylist, who also has a heart.

### Choral and Song

Admirers of Fischer-Dieskau's singing have three discs offered to them this month. A number of songs from Wolf's *Italian Song Book*, accompanist Hertha

Klust (the complementary record to the one by Seefried and Werba (D.G.G. DGM18092)) on D.G.G. DGM18005. Wolf's *Der Tambour, Der Feuerreiter, Storchensbotschaft*, and Loewe's *Erlkönig*, on H.M.V. 7ER5044, and Schuman's *Liederkreis* (op. 39) on H.M.V. BLP1068, Gerald Moore being the accompanist in both these H.M.V. issues. The D.G.G. disc was made some years ago before the singer's art had fully matured, the accompanying is poor, the recording indifferent, and so this disc is perhaps only for the more fervid of the singer's admirers. The other Wolf songs and the Loewe are very well sung, the two humorous ones especially, but the recording rather blanket's Mr. Moore's fine accompaniments. It is better in the *Liederkreis*, every number of which is sung beautifully (especially *Auf einer Burg, Schöne Freunde und Zwielficht*) and beautifully accompanied.

*Also recommended.*

A well-planned selection of plainsong Masses from the *Kyriale* sung by the Solesmes Monks Choir under Dom Gajard (Decca LX3118-21). They will be of special value for teaching purposes.

A Schubert recital by Gérard Souzay accompanied by Dalton Baldwin. *Der Atlas* and *Gruppe aus dem Tartarus* are outside Mr. Souzay's range but in the remaining numbers, particularly in *Geheimes, Das Rosenband, Der bist die Ruh, Nachtviole* and *Abschied*, his artistic singing gives much pleasure (Decca LXT 5023).

*Opera*

Operatic records must be held over till next month and so I only note here two fine issues, Decca's recording of Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges* (LXT5019) and Columbia's recording of Verdi's *La Forza del destino* (33CX1258-60) with Callas.

ALEC ROBERTSON.

# The 40th Release of

# DECCA

## LONG PLAYING ffr RECORDS

### CHRISTIAN FERRAS

with The Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra

conducted by Karl Münchinger

Mozart CONCERTO NO. 7 IN E FLAT MAJOR

FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA, K.268;

CONCERTO NO. 3 IN G MAJOR

FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA, K.216

LXT 5044

### KARL MÜNCHINGER

conducting The Vienna Philharmonic

Orchestra

Haydn SYMPHONY NO. 88 IN G MAJOR,

OPUS 56, NO. 2—'LETTER V';

SYMPHONY NO. 101 IN D MAJOR,

OPUS 95, NO. 2—'THE CLOCK'

LXT 5040

### BOYD NEEL

conducting The Boyd Neel String Orchestra

with Thurston Dart (Harpischord)

Handel CONCERTI GROSSI, OPUS 6

No. 1 in G major and No. 2 in F major;

No. 3 in E minor and No. 4 in A minor

LXT 5041

No. 5 in D major and No. 6 in G minor;

No. 7 in B flat major and No. 8 in C minor

LXT 5042

No. 9 in F major and No. 10 in D minor;

No. 11 in A major and No. 12 in B minor

LXT 5043



THE DECCA RECORD COMPANY LIMITED,  
1-3 BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S. W. 9.

# EDUCATIONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

## MISCELLANEOUS

**INVESTORS.** Keep a reliable record of your investments both as to Capital and Dividends by using the M.M.R. THE loose-leaf investment register. 30 holdings 50/-, 60 holdings 70/-, 90 holdings 90/-. For Companies and private people alike. No limit to the number of holdings. Maxims, Manswood & Co., Accountants, 118 New Bond Street, London, W.1. Telephone: GROsvenor 3834.

### BESPOKE BOOTS & SHOES

**TOM HILL (Knightsbridge) LTD.**  
Established 1873

Makers of High Class Boots, Shoes & Leggings for Riding, Polo, Hunting, Military, Court and Civilian use.

26 Brompton Road, London, S.W.1.  
KEN. 8020

THE new 1955-56 edition of THE GOOD FOOD GUIDE is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5/- from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

## SCHOOLS

**BOARDING SCHOOLS, TUTORS, DOMESTIC SCIENCE and SECRETARIAL TRAINING COLLEGES**  
Advice given free of charge to parents stating age of pupil, approximate fee and district preferred.

**J. & J. PATON, LTD.**  
143 Cannon Street London, E.C.4

Telephone: Mansion House 5053.  
Publishers of Paton's List of Schools. Post free, 8s.

## SPECIAL TRAINING

**THE TRIANGLE SECRETARIAL COLLEGE**, South Molton Street, W.1. Full Secretarial training for women. Appointments Register open to students throughout their career. Early application for 1954/55 vacancies essential (MAY. 5306-8).

### BENDIXEN'S

Mrs. Nourse (née Bendixen), B.A., Miss Turner, B.Sc., A.K.C., Miss M. E. Lang, B.A., Dipl. Educ. Staff of qualified tutors to women students.  
Laboratories. Prospectus on application.  
66 BAKER STREET, W.1. Welbeck 5802.

**DAVIES, LAING and DICK**, 7 Holland Park, W.11.—Individual tuition for examinations. Services entrance examinations. University Entrance and Scholarship. 1st M.B. General Certificate at all levels. Tel. No. Park 7437-8.

### Rate for CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

is 1/6 a line with a minimum of 3 lines.

A line averages 7 words.

Telephone your instructions to:

Holborn 5708 (Extn. 24).

# HOTEL GUIDE

**ASCOT.**—Berystede Hotel. West End standard of comfort in country surroundings. Extensive gardens. Hard Tennis courts. Golf. Riding. 'Phone: 888/90.

**BARNSTAPLE.**—Imperial Hotel. Overlooking the River Taw. Touring centre for Exmoor and Devon. Garden. 'Phone: 210011.

**BATTLE, Sussex.**—Beauport Park Hotel. A typical English country home in a perfect setting of 1,400 acres. All bedrooms H. & C. and central heating, interior spring mattresses, private bathrooms. Licensed. Tele. Baldslow 222.

**CAMBRIDGE.**—Blue Boar Hotel. Opposite Trinity Great Gate, conveniently situated for the Colleges and points of interest. 'Phone: 3030.

**CARDIFF.**—Park Hotel; Restaurant; Grill; Banqueting Rooms; Cocktail Bar; Gentlemen's Hairdressing; Garage. 'Phone 2566 (5 lines).

**CORNWALL.**—Steepcot Private Hotel, Treknock. Lovely views, close Trebarwith Sands. Interior sprung. H. & C. Brochure. Tintagel 357.

**DUBLIN.**—Royal Hibernian. 'Phone: 72991 (10 lines)  
Tel.: Hibernia.

**DULVERTON, Somerset.**—Woodcote Hotel, facing South, on fringe of Exmoor, excellent touring centre. Hunting, walking, own trout fishing. Central heating, log fires. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Garage. Club Licence. Open all the year round. 'Phone: 129.

**EASTBOURNE.**—Hydro Hotel, South Cliff, facing sea. 1st Class accommodation at moderate inclusive terms. 'Phone 643.

**EXMOUTH.**—Imperial Hotel. Facing south-west and overlooking the sea from its island site of 4½ acres in the centre of the Esplanade. 'Phone 2296/8.

# HOTEL GUIDE

**GOLANT**, near Fowey, Cornish Riviera—Penquite House Hotel. Quiet comfort and excellent food in superbly situated country house. Boating. Fishing.

**HARROGATE**.—Cairn Hydro Hotel. In 4 acres of grounds. Tennis courts. Full suite of Medical Baths. Private suites. 'Phone: 4005/8.

**HAWKHURST**, Kent.—Tudor Hall Hotel. First-class. Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. Ideal centre for Kentish Weald and East Sussex. Tel. 2312. Resident Proprietor.

**HERSTMONCEUX**, Boreham.—The White Friars Hotel. An 18th-century building, appealing to those who appreciate quiet comfort, all bedrooms H. & C., electric fires, interior-sprung mattresses, private bathrooms, excellent cuisine, fully licensed, garages, four acres of well-kept gardens. Tel.: Herstmonceux 3299.

**HOVE**, Sussex.—Dudley Hotel. 75 rooms, 40 bathrooms. Restaurant open to non-residents—American Bar—Large Garage. Hove 36266. Man. Dir.: F. KUNG (Swiss).

**IPSWICH**.—Great White Horse Hotel. Made famous by Charles Dickens in *Pickwick Papers*. In the centre of the town. 'Phone: 3584. Telegrams: "Pickwick, Ipswich."

**YORKSHIRE DALES**. Kettlewell, via Skipton.—The Race-Horses Hotel: medically recommended; quiet; select; renowned cuisine; recognized motoring centre; beautiful fell moorland and riverside walks. A.A., R.A.C., 'Phone 233. Tariff from Resident Owner.

**KILLARNEY** (Ireland). International Hotel. Tel.: 16.

**LAUNCESTON**, Cornwall.—King's Arms Hotel. For the summer months Easter to September 30th our terms will be for garaging car, residence and full board, 17/6 per day, £6-0-0 per week.

**LANDUDNO**.—Marine Hotel. Central position on Promenade, between Great and Little Orme. Touring centre for Snowdon country. 'Phone: 7447.

**LANGOLLEN**.—Hand Hotel. One of the best in N. Wales. H. & C. water all rooms. Fishing. A.A. and R.A.C. 'Phone: 3207. Telegrams: "Handotel."

**LONDON**.—Barkston Gardens Hotel. One minute Earl's Court Station. Moderate tariff. 'Phone: Frobisher 1028.

**LONDON**.—Brown's Hotel. First-class London hotel known throughout the world. Private suites. 'Phone Hyde Park 6020. Telegrams: "Brownotel, Piccy, London."

**LONDON**.—Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square, S.W.1. First-class. Moderate Tariff. 2 lifts. A. Wild Bey, late of Cairo. Sloane 9191.

**LONDON**, S.W.1.—St. Ermin's Hotel. In the quiet charm of Westminster. 200 rooms; 100 bathrooms. Fully licensed and the very best cuisine. A. Gilles, Managing Director (late of Savoy Hotel and Grosvenor House, London). Tel. ABBey 7888.

**MARLBOROUGH**.—Castle and Ball Hotel. Comfortable modern accommodation in an old Hostelry. Hot and cold water in bedrooms. 'Phone: 2.

**MATLOCK**.—New Bath Hotel. Indoor and Outdoor Swimming Pools of thermal water. Hard Tennis Court. 'Phone: Matlock 39.

## SMEDLEY'S HYDRO MATLOCK

in the heart of picturesque Derbyshire  
for Health, Rest and Holiday.  
GREAT BRITAIN'S Greatest Hydro.

**MINEHEAD**.—Beach Hotel. Close to the station and overlooking Minehead Bay. Excellent touring centre. 'Phone: 15.

**OXFORD**.—Randolph Hotel. Close to the Martyrs' Memorial, Cornmarket and St. Giles. First-class accommodation. 'Phone: 47481/5.

**PENZANCE**.—Old Coast-Guards Hotel, Mousehole. Quiet restful hotel in unspoilt old-world Cornish fishing cove; excellent library; very comfortable chairs and beds; full sea view; garden to sea. Terms from 6 to 10 guineas according to season. Illustrated Brochure sent. 'Phone and 'Grams: Bryant, Mousehole 222.

**ROSS**.—Royal Hotel. The best Hotel in the Wye Valley. With gardens overlooking the Horseshoe Bend. Special Winter Terms for residence. 'Phone: 2640.

**RUTHIN**.—Castle Hotel. Convenient for visitors to Ruthin Castle. H. & C. water in bedrooms. 'Phone: 49.

**SALISBURY**.—White Hart Hotel. 18th-century hotel near the Cathedral and the Market Square. 'Phone: 219711.

**TEWKESBURY**.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. 'Phone 3236. Tel. Hoppole, Tewkesbury. Fully licensed. Under Royal Patronage.

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS**.—Wellington Hotel. Facing South and overlooking Common. Private Suites. 'Phone: 20286/7.

**WINDERMERE**.—Old England Hotel. Finest position with lawns running down to Lake. Facing south-west. Open throughout year. 'Phone 49.

=ABDULLA =

MAKE THE BEST

VIRGINIA

CIGARETTES\* \*

Free as a bird in  
**AERTEX** REGD.

SHOWN HERE:  
*Men's pyjamas in the  
MC range of tiny checks.  
They're all-year-rounders;  
and their price, 45/6*



Birds don't care about  
heat or cold; they're  
insulated by air trapped in  
their feathers. In cellular  
Aertex you can be air-insulated  
in just the same way  
—free as a bird from  
weather bother.

**You're air-conditioned  
in AERTEX all year round**



Genuine  
Aertex bears  
this label

**Free Illustrated 1955 Catalogue** Send this coupon to Advertising Manager, Aertex, 1 Long Lane,  
London, S.E.1. Telephone Hop 2855

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

USUAL SHOPPING CENTRE .....

PK